TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

The liquor dealers and their friends and those who have found it necessary to interest themselves to obtain a license are through their campaign, and know what has befallen them. Every year we hear of a first-class license board being appointed and great things are expected therefrom. This year, as usual, our temperance brethren looked hopefully forward for valuable changes, some of which have been promised and a couple of really good resolutions have been passed. Outside of this there is no unusual cause for congratulation. On the other hand, it has been left for scoffers to say that the present Board has acted on neither public nor party grounds and has appeared to be guided solely by personal interests and private motives. However this may be, their selection is probably as good as the average, though it may be a little difficult to understand how the average is made up.

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As the weeks roll along the absolute necessity which caused a change in the city solicitorship becomes more apparent. No important subject is agitated by the Council without finding that some essential document is missing, and either the receipt of the City Solicitor for it is all that can be found, or after an exciting search the mangled instrument is discovered in some out of the way place where it did not belong, and where it never should have been. It would seem necessary that an index of the city's leases, agreements and important documents should be made out, and the locality of everything fixed, or, by-and-bye, the city will have to bear the loss of many thousands of dollars, owing to the lack of papers which are valuable to those whose interests lie in the direction of their disappearance.

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Before the week is old enough to justify any review of the events which have made it interesting I am forced to say farewell to my readers and start on the trip I have promised myself so long. I have pleasure in introducing another contributor, who will occupy this space for a little while and very likely you will be sorry when I recommence these comments of which the public have seen fit to speak so kindly. It will be a couple of weeks before the letters I intend to write will reach SATURDAY NIGHT, and in the meantime, I give you the junior warden's toast, "Happy to meet, sorry to part, hope soon to meet again." DON.

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It is always unsafe and unwise to pronounce final judgment on a case before all the evidence has been heard. Some unlooked for item of testimony may come in, even at the eleventh hour, whereby a new complexion may be imparted to the entire record. For this and other obvious reasons, it is always well to keep the mind open to receive fresh impressions. The Longley affair is to be made the subject of rigorous investigation by the Toronto Conference, when the whole unsavory business will be gone into, and judgment rendered in accordance with the evidence. Until this has been done, the public, who know the case from common rumor only, would do well to abstain from a final judgment. The facts, as published in the newspapers, certainly look very black against the accused, and his flight from the Province, following hard upon the heels of the disclosures, is far from re-assuring. Still, the testimony offered thus far is not absolutely conclusive, and it is to be noted that several of his brother ministers, who have long been on terms of close intimacy with him, and have had exceptional opportunities for forming an estimate of his character, have publicly expressed unbounded faith in his integrity. This, be it understood, was done after these gentlemen had been made acquainted with all the definitely-ascertained circumstances, and, it is to be presumed, after due consideration of the subject. They admit that their reverend brother's conduct has been indiscreet. Indiscretion is a relative term, which may mean much or little. In the case under review, it is safe to say that the indiscretion has been of a most compromising nature, but whether it has been actually criminal is a question as to which the public are not yet in a position to pronounce a positive opinion.

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Even admitting the most favorable construction of the rev. gentleman's conduct, however, it is to be feared that his usefulness, so far as this community is concerned, is hopelessly gone. He has not kept himself "unspotted from the world." He has not abstained from that "every appearance of evil" which his clerical position imperatively demanded of him, and he will be compelled to seek some new sphere for the exercise of those very eminent talents which he is on all hands admitted to possess. Here we have no further use for him.

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The Governor-General is to be with us in Toronto next week, when he comes to bid us a final farewell. During his few years' sojourn among us in Canada he has proved himself equal to the not very exacting duties incidental to his position. He leaves us to assume other and more arduous duties in India as the successor of Lord Dufferin. That he will be well received during his farewell visit goes without saying. So much is due alike to himself and his office. And now, one word on the subject of official and other addresses. It is customary on such occasions to deluge the unhappy recipient with voluminous addresses of verbal platitudes which everybody is tired of hearing, and to which his Excellency must be heartily weary of replying. Would it not be possible to vary the drear monotony of this abominable custom? Something of the sort is doubtless eminently proper and becoming. A certain number of addresses he must inevitably receive; but is there any necessity for reiterating the same stale old phraseology for the ten-thousandth time? Is it not practicable to take something for granted, and to leave out all those stereotyped platitudes which we all know by heart, and which are universally recognized to be as meaningless as the Spanish proverb, "May you live a thousand years!" A few words of compliment to himself and regret for his departure would amply fill all the requirements of the situation, and would render unnecessary a succession of laborious responses on the part of his Excellency—responses which are notoriously prepared in advance by official hands, and which one always feels ashamed of oneself for pretending to receive as spontaneous ebullitions. Such are doubtless the views of Lord Lansdowne himself, as well as of every public man who has been compelled to suffer from the grievous infliction year after year, in season and out of season. Let the address be short and to the point. By this means then will be accomplished, not only a great saving of time, but a great saving of patience and endurance on the part of all persons chiefly concerned in the reception.

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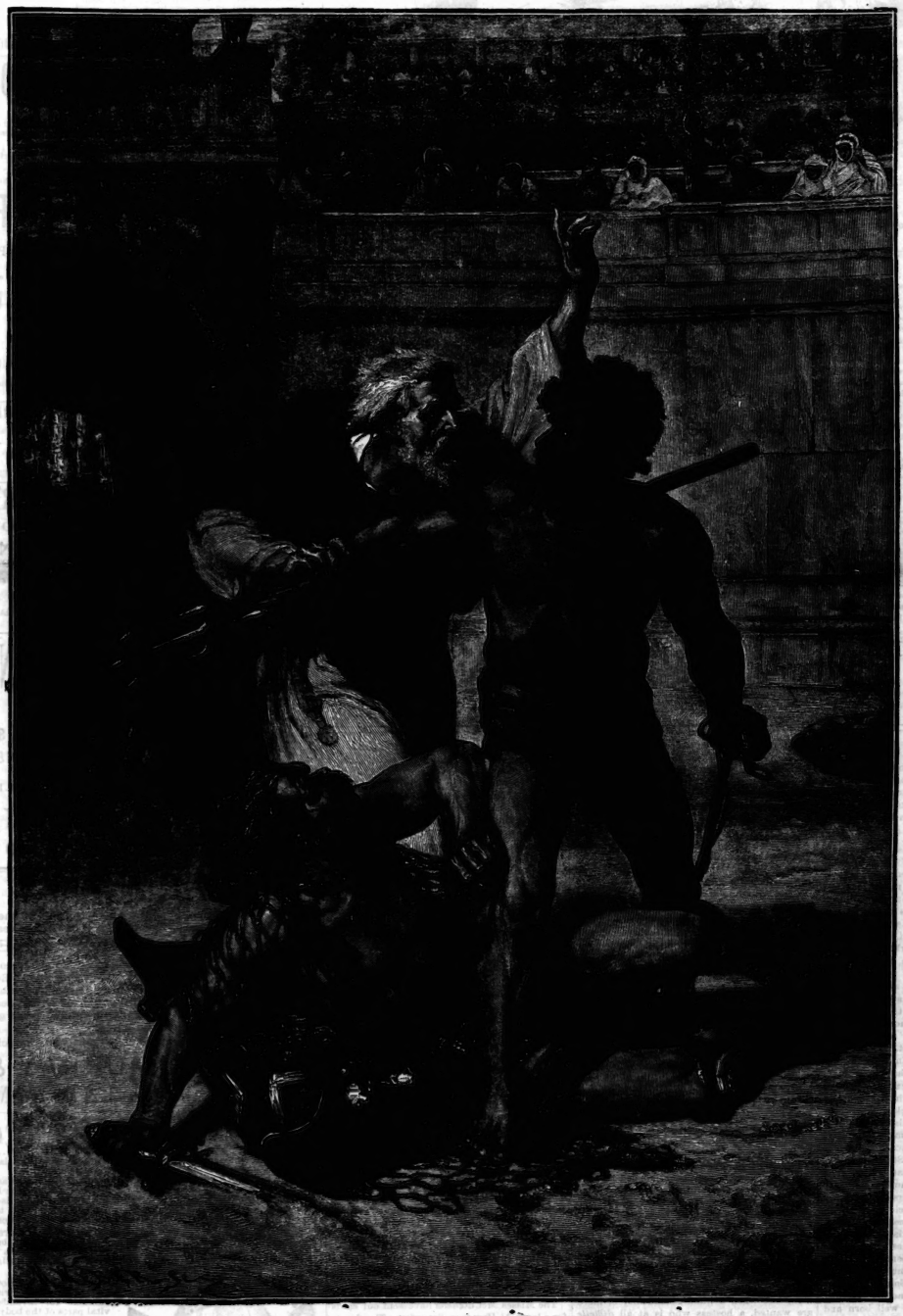
The Government at Ottawa have introduced and carried through a measure for the suppression of the traffic in "green goods." Start not, reader. The green goods in question are not bananas, cabbages or any other vegetable growth, but counterfeit money, currently known to the initiated by the suggestive name of "queer." From the speech of the Minister of Justice, it appears that the manufacture of bogus bank notes for circulation in Canada is no longer confined to the United States, but has found a flourishing settlement within our own borders. Transactions in queer, it seems, are not confined to gamblers, confidence men, and other pariahs of society, but are extensively participated in by "persons holding respectable positions, commercially and otherwise," including municipal officers, justices of the peace, and other public functionaries. Assuming the facts to be as stated, the repressive measure has not been placed in the statute-book a moment too soon. Iniquity on the part of notorious evil-doers is naturally to be expected, but when the administrators of the law betake themselves to the manufacture and distribution of bogus bills, it is surely high time to call a halt. Would it be going too far to demand that the Minister favor the public with the names of these quasi-reputable shovers of the queer? The law, as embodied in the person of the Minister of Justice, should be no respecter of persons. "Where the offence is, let the great axe fall." Whatever customs may prevail in older civilizations, Canadians are decidedly averse to seeing one law for the rich and another for the poor. Of course the law, as enacted, places all persons on a common level, but it cannot serve any really good or high purpose to conceal the names of those in high places who have so shamelessly violated the highest law of a commercial community. The magistrate who, knowingly, passes—to say nothing of manufacturing—bogus money, is a whited sepulcher, and should be exposed to the gaze of the public whom he seeks to deceive.

Dicken's Clergyman.

The recent death of Mr. Quekett, vicar of Warrington, has reminded many of us that he was the model clergyman discovered by the late Charles Dickens during his visits to the East End. He was made famous by the praise of the great novelist for his many philanthropic labors, and in 1854, when Dr. Powys was made Bishop of Sodor and Man, Lord Aberdeen, to whom the living of Warrington reverted, presented Mr. Quekett to it in the name of the Crown. Mr. Quekett only survived by a few days the publication of his autobiography, entitled, "My Sayings and Doings."



THE LAST GLADIATORIAL COMBAT.

The Last Gladiatorial Combat.

The picture on this page, by Stallaert is a striking one. The aged figure rushing, with uplifted arm, between the victorious gladiator and his snared adversary is typical of that Christianity which has flung the mantle of peace and love over the blood-stained arena o the Colosseum, and left the shadow of decay on its martyr haunted walls.

Ballads of the Town.

THE FRIVOLOUS GIRL.

Her silken gown it rustles,
As she goes down the stair;
And in all the place there's ne'er a face
One half, one half so fair.
But oh! I saw her yesterday—
And no one knew 't was she—
When a little sick child looked up and smiled,
As she sat on my lady's knee.

Her fan it flirts and flutters,
Her eyes grow bright—grow dim—
And all around no man is found
But thinks she thinks of him.
But oh! to her the best of all,
Though they be great and grand,
Are less than the sick whose smiles come quick
At the touch of my lady's hand.

Her little shoe of satin
Peeps underneath her skirt—
And a foot so small ought never at all
To move in mire and dirt.
But oh! she goes among the poor,
And heavy hearts rejoice—
As they can tell who know her well—
To hear my lady's voice.

Her glove is soft as feathers
Upon the nestling dove;
Its touch so light I have no right
To think, to dream of love—
But oh! when clad in simplest garb
She goes where none may see,
I watch, and pray that some happy day
My lady may pity me.

H. C. Banner in Puck.

Society.

A large At Home at Mrs. Jones', on Thursday, the vocal society's fashionable concert on Tuesday, beyond this, if we except the nightly assemblies of those who are to figure on the stage at the Art Fair, there has been but little doing in the world of society.

*

Although I hope the season is not yet quite over, yet its wane is so nearly accomplished that the occasion seems to serve for a short review of its main features, or rather for a few thoughts upon the chief characteristics of Toronto society. Although, as I showed last week, the comedy of 1887-8 has sparkled, yet many former seasons, in fact, every season that I can remember, has sparkled too, and I have asked myself the question, Why is it that a winter here is, from a social point of view, perhaps more pleasant than at any other town in Canada? Other cities boast a better winter, that is, better climatically, but this only means that their cold is longer and more continuous, and I do not admit any good foundation for making a boast of this fact. In at least one other town in the Dominion, and possibly two, society is larger than it is here. Members of these societies call them more cosmopolitan, and sneer at the comparative narrowness of the Toronto circle. Now, there may be a sort of cosmopolitanism at Halifax, because the navy and the army are always bringing fresh blood to the place, and because many visitors come from the States, but that Montreal society is cosmopolitan I deny. The best and oldest of the French families mix very little, even with their compeers amongst the English, while the latter society, although large, is broken up into cliques and sets, between which such jealousy exists that if the Montreal Mr. Beauman wishes to continue in the good graces of his friend, the Montreal Miss Snoblove, he must never be seen dancing with Miss Snobhate, who, although she belongs to another faction, is quite as charming, quite as well born and well-bred as the former lady. It is generally by people outside the city that the finger of disapprobation or scorn has been pointed at this paper on account of the similitude of the list of names attending Mrs. Fitz-Browne's ball to that published as being present at the dance of Mrs. De Smythe. Now, would my readers in other places have me invent? Shall I say that so-and-so was at a party, when so-and-so has never been asked, or shall I print names which I do not even know? There are features of the Toronto circle on which its members rightly congratulate themselves. Perhaps the best of all is the comparative simplicity in entertaining with which people are satisfied here. Once more let me take Montreal as my foil and descend to the detail of what I mean. In society there an unwritten law exists which forbids that a dance should be given without a gorgeous supper and unlimited champagne. Even in that wealthy city the number of men who can or will go to the enormous expense which such entertaining requires, is limited, and thus winter after winter the number of balls decreases. Here if a man is wealthy and gives a dance he does all that his wealth will do, and with his entertainment is as lavish as his friends expect from a man of his riches, but people are sensible enough to be quite able to enjoy themselves without the above extravagant luxuries, and at very many other charming parties they most certainly have done so.

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It may be asked, Why, if Toronto society is so exclusive, is it open to the machinations of strangers of good appearance and address who sometimes turn out to be swindlers and criminals? and it is true that some blame attaches to the leaders of society on account of the readiness with which they take up such bachelor visitors. But the answer and the excuse lies in the fact that here, as at most other places, presentable dancing men are rather at a discount. That this is the case has been sufficiently evident at several balls this winter. Those of the fair sex of the right kind for such entertainments so largely predominated over men of the same stamp, that in order to make the numbers right, hostesses have been compelled to have recourse, I was about to say—to boys—but at all events to that portion of our youth who should be kept in the shell for some few seasons still. This is the reason of the readiness with which an *entree* is granted to any fairly presentable strange man. When a small party, for instance, the several little dances at Government House, is in question, it is easy enough to find the necessary sixty or seventy men, but when a hundred and fifty or more are wanted, a hostess who is at all *difficile* about her guests finds it hard to make up the number. There is a way out of the difficulty, and one which our leading hostesses would do well to essay. Let them divide the feminine portion of their intended guests into two parties and give two dances, let us say a week apart. Cards for both evenings should be sent out at the same time, and the division of ladies must be alphabetical. The fair sex having been thus divided, the partners whom they all like can be procured for them simply by asking the hundred *elite* amongst the men to both parties.

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Romance and heroism are not unknown quantities in the society life of the suburb of Brockton. We have long suspected this, and to-day we are assured of the same. Last Saturday—so whispers a truthful little bird—a small conflagration materialized in the residence of a popular ex-alderman. For a time consternation and hysterics reigned supreme, and the matter began to assume alarming proportions. Fortunately—and we record the fact in a proper spirit of gratitude—the usual evening reception was in full swing, and three or four regular visitors were dancing in happy attendance on the wants of the fairer part of the family circle. Doubly fortunate was it that amongst their number were a rising chief justice and an embryo Æsculapius, who plunged nobly into the thick of it, and, after an arduous (we believe arduous is the proper epithet in this connection) struggle, succeeded in preventing a *light flame* from developing into a serious disaster. Too much praise cannot be given to these heroic young men, and only a strict regard for the proprieties, and SATURDAY NIGHT's rooted objection to hurting the feelings of others, prevents the publication of the names of the worthy and esteemed principals in this thrilling episode in the otherwise peaceful life of Brockton-cum-Toronto.

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The Press club will hold one of its social gatherings to-night, and equally, of course, it will be a pleasant time for the large gathering which is expected.

*

Mrs. Martin gave an afternoon tea at her residence, 98 Carlton street, last Saturday. The hostess was assisted by her charming daughters in entertaining her numerous guests. The Italian string band played some excellent selections. Amongst those present I noticed Mrs. Aylesworth, the Misses Gelkie, Mrs. and Miss Fuller, Mrs. Pellatt, Mrs. Henry Ince, Miss Ince, Mrs. Tree, Mrs. and Miss Scott, the Misses Kirtlands, Mrs. and the Misses Gilmor, Mrs. Sheard and Mrs. and Miss Oldright.

*

The Misses McCutcheon have sent out cards for a large At Home on Saturday. The day is well chosen, and many will no doubt attend the bidding of one of Toronto's oldest families. If only Miss McCutcheon consents to play for the benefit of her guests, a very great musical treat may be assured them, for there is probably no better pianist in Toronto than this lady.

*

Why do people insist on selecting the last two days of the week for their entertainments? It is inconsiderate to me, because it makes it impossible for SATURDAY NIGHT to notice such gatherings until a whole week has passed, and

(Continued on Page Eleven.)

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Although we read much of cooking schools just now, and the benefit derived from them, they are not generally attended by the class of people who most require instruction. The type of woman to which I refer, even could she spare the time from her family, would, in all probability, be frightened away by the large number of cooking utensils which the teacher of the classes would call indispensable. The fact is that a thoroughly well cooked and wholesome meal may be served by the judicious use of a very limited supply of kitchen conveniences. "All hail! conveniences" say I, but if we cannot spare the money, then let them "e'en go hang."

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It does not matter in the least whether potatoes are put on with cold or hot water. The secret is to put them over a strong fire, keep them boiling hard all the time, see that they are kept well supplied with water, which should be salted, and that they are poured and lifted the instant they are cooked through to the center.

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Never buy round steak for frying or broiling. Sirloin, for this purpose, is worth the difference in price. When your frying pan is smoking hot grease with some of the beef suet sufficiently to keep the meat from adhering. Then put on as much of your steak as the pan will hold. Do not cut it into small pieces, as that permits the juice to escape. Let it lie in the pan until you count nine. Then turn. Allow it to remain the same length of time on that side and keep up the turning process until the meat has lost its raw, bluish appearance. When ready for the table it should present a rich brown exterior and look pink—from the retention of the juices—inside. Many people mistake the above-mentioned raw hue for this pink tinge, displaying a vampire-like appetite in this respect. Raw meat may contain quite as many unwholesome elements as that which is overdone. The object in turning the meat so rapidly is to sear both surfaces, and thus prevent the juice from oozing in little pools on the top side and being split into the pan. Meat from which the juice has been permitted to escape is as innutritious and flavorless as a quantity of fried rag. Try the other plan and note the difference. Steak cooked in the manner I have described does not require butter to add to or destroy its flavor, nor should it be salted whilst in the pan as salt draws the juice. Salt and pepper may be added just before serving, or, as I should prefer, left to the individual taste.

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Rice, which has been boiled in milk and allowed to cool, served with sliced oranges and sugar, forms a suitable and palatable accompaniment, having that necessary element of substantiality which must be considered where there are many mouths to feed.

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An English paper remarks very quaintly that to General Booth the question of "what to do with our daughters" seems to be fraught with little perplexity. During the recent marriage of Miss Booth to "Fakir" Tucker, at Clapton, an entrance fee was charged, which, with a collection, realised the neat sum of £5,000. The General announced his intention of levying on the provinces for a second £5,000.

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"What we shall do with our girls" is a question to which much attention is being given nowadays. Most of the English and American magazines make a point of printing such suggestions as to modes of livelihood as may be offered by people of fertile brains, along with a statistical plan of operation. A friend of mine added quite a comfortable sum each winter to a somewhat attenuated income by putting up a quantity of Scotch marmalade, for which she possessed an excellent recipe, and placing it on sale at different grocers'. It has occurred to me that something might be done by undertaking to supply, or supervising the preparation at some restaurant, of such national dishes as one might excel in making; the restaurant to advertise these dishes for certain days and make a specialty of them. I mean such as sauer kraut, haggis, Scotch broth, or Boston baked beans. Perhaps a baker, for a small commission, would undertake to sell each week a certain quantity of buttermilk scones, Edinboro' shortbread or any other form of cake too finicky for him to attempt. Many ladies make very nice candies, including the most tempting varieties, such as caramels, chocolate, French creams and fruity mixtures; these might meet with a ready sale on account of their purity.

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Cameo-cutting is a profession in which women are said to excel. I should think there would be many departments in manufacturing jewelry which would be well adapted to the deft and taper fingers of womankind.

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A freak in the manufacture of dress buttons is the representation of flowers. I believe all the smaller varieties such as daisies, forget-me-nots, and primroses, are imitated. The idea is so extremely pretty one cannot help wondering why it has not been tried before.

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A graceful and fashionable mantle reaching from the throat to the feet may be made of striped gauze or even grenadine. The full back drapery of Chantilly lace with a *volant* in front of the same tied across at the waist with long ribbons. The sleeves are pointed and finished with jet ornaments, whilst the waist has a fichu of lace arranged in a flat point at the back.

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A picturesque style for a youthful figure is as follows: Back short, like a basque, the sides and front are cut like a zouave jacket over a full front of lace, which is loosely crossed below the waist by a Swiss belt. The lace terminates in two long points finished with bows of ribbon.

NUOVA AULA.

Chat From The 'Varsity.

With the abolition of medals and scholarships in the University examinations a brighter day has dawned. I have heard graduates say that sometimes in their days, men who were competing for a medal hated each other with a bitter hatred. Emulation takes the place of envy, and university training is broadened, when students follow the bent of their inclinations and enter the hall with the best wishes for each other's success.

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Mr. W. J. Patterson of Queen's, one of their representatives on the inter-collegiate debate with Toronto, received the Governor-General's prize of $50 in books, as the most successful student in his four years' course.

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Mr. John Waugh, who has been teaching in the Orillia High School, will write for his degree in classics.

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Mr. S. J. Farmer, who has been home during the year, also presents himself for the same examination.

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The picture of the graduating class is finished, and may be seen in Bruce's window.

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Mr. J. S. Gale is the president of the Knox tennis club, P. M. Forin curator, W. J. Johnston sec.-treasurer, and John McNair councillor. The club has been practising for a couple of weeks.

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'Varsity baseball will be slack for a couple of weeks. It is hoped that ultimately an inter-collegiate league will be established, and that our team will have an opportunity of meeting Harvard and Yale. It is doubtful if arrangements can be made to meet Trinity this spring.

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Mr. W. A. Bradley will spend the summer at Edmonton, N. W. T.

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The president was rather surprised recently to meet with a pamphlet in the Humboldt Series on Anthropology by Daniel Wilson, LL.D., which he had never seen before, and a paper of his own on Archæology by a Prof. Tyrol. Surely something should be done to prevent or punish such little discrepancies on the part of publishers.

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Your correspondent had been copying out some Sanskrit roots the other night, when the muse suddenly interrupted him by tugging violently at the sleeve of his gown, and laying down his pen with a weary smile, he turned and listened. This is the ballad she sang:

He was tall and lank, a clerk in a bank,
A "dancing man" was he,
But his willowy form was rather warm
With the waltz's revelry.

He left the throng of the hot *salon*
For the cool conservatory,
And looked for a chance before the next dance
To spin his little story.

He had bottled that day in his innocent way
A number of "very good things,"
From *Judge* and *Puck* and had struck by luck
A joke in *Texas Siftings*.

One maiden fair yet lingered there;
And deep in a study botanic
Quite buried she seemed, nor ever dreamed
Of the bore and his thoughts Satanic.

To himself he said as he looked at her head
With the air of a keen attorney,
"Aw, this maiden's hair has a sort of a glare
That's *sometimes* called auburny.

With a mischievous glance from her eyes askance
And a kindly recognition,
She "caught on to the fake" and decided to make
The best of a bad position.

She sweetly began to explain the plan
Of the old Linnean system,
Of Phanerogams and of Cryptogams
(It don't matter which way you twist 'em!)

She talked of the *musci* and *floras fusci*
And *monocotyledones*
Till his jokes the lot he had quite forgot,
And for once was ill at his ease.

But now or never—a last endeavor
He made as he tried to get her
To talk for a while in a different style,
"The Emperor's getting better."

But worse than before—from historical lore
And medical science, in silence
He listened to terms, they might be worms,
Or—names for the cannibal islands.

With a humbled look himself he betook
To the dance "so awfully glad"
For a chance to meet a girl so sweet
As the 'Varsity undergrad.

•

Cricket practice has not commenced yet. At the annual meeting Dr. Wilson was re-elected hon. president; Mr. W. P. Mustard, B.A., president; Mr. W. I. Senkler, sec.-treas.; Mr. E. C. Senkler, captain, and Mr. J. H. A. Proctor, curator. The representatives of the different years are Mr. Sam Shultz for the 4th, Mr. J. S. Johnston, 3rd, Mr. A. A. Macdonald, 2nd, and Mr. Boulton for the 1st. Games have been arranged for the coming season with Galt, Guelph and Hamilton, and at home with Trinity, East Toronto, Rosedale and Upper Canada college. The 'Varsity team is strong this year and will doubtless make a good record. A new feature, a match between graduates and the under-graduate team, possibly for commencement day, has been suggested. There are difficulties, financially and otherwise, in the way of carrying out the idea as the club would like, and no definite arrangement has yet been made.

TOGA

Trinity Talk.

I was glad to see the notice on the university board to the effect that there would be no lectures on St. George's day. A good deal of doubt seemed to be expressed as to the patriotism which the authorities would manifest apropos of the memory of the great patron saint—which doubts were agreeably solved by the appearance of the above notice. This, I hope, may be taken as a precedent for coming years.

The first of the annual reading competitions in the divinity class took place on St. Mark's day—and the feast of St. Philip and St. James witnessed the second for non-resident students.

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Revs. R. S. Radcliffe, C. E. S. Radcliffe, C. H. Short, '82, W. G. Aston, etc., paid their Alma Mater friends flying visits this week.

•

Mr. Filby, the college steward, has been dangerously ill during the past few days, and at the time of writing is in a very precarious condition. One misses his accustomed form both in dining hall and chapel exceedingly, for of all officials in connection with the college he is wont (perhaps through force of circumstances) to be the most regular. I hope to see him before long restored to health in his accustomed place behind the festive board, armed with his deadly weapons, and stationed at the chapel door in the *role* of recording angel.

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Rev. J. C. Davidson, '83, has been spending a few days with Provost and Mrs. Body.

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The vagaries of the Canadian climate seem to have had a somewhat uncouth effect of late upon the chapel organ. The Dean's attention has been called to its asthmatic condition, and there is every prospect of its speedy convalescence.

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In a baseball match with the Dominion bank, Trinity's "great nine" came off beat by 35 to 9. I believe, however, that the bank's financial position is as firm as ever.

•

Rev. Prof. Clarke preached in St. Alban's cathedral on Sunday morning last.

•

I am glad to see Mr. Swallow once more amongst us. The "Swallow will not homeward fly" again till June is past and gone, it is to be hoped. (Copyright.)

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Through the exertions of Rev. Prof. Roper, I see that the chapel has at last got its long-talked of altar hangings. Three of the lower heptagons, which form the chancel, are now covered by gracefully suspended hangings of what is, I believe, commonly known as "oatmeal" stuff, of a maroon shade. These will now retain their present position till the arrival from England of the oaken reredos which is to be permanent.

•

The new hangings have a very pleasing effect and serve most effectually to set off the grand carving of the white oak altar.

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A college meeting is, I am told, shortly to be called to bring before the notice of undergraduates the scheme for the revival of convocation, or some such matter. One idea to be promulgated is the enrolling of all divinity men, at least, as associate members, whereby they will be in a better position to bring before their future parishioners the great importance of joining and assisting this convocation.

•

Rev. Prof. Roper hopes to sail for England on June 5, for the long vacation.

OMEGA.

SPRING'S GREETING.

Spring's Greeting.

Our engraving represents, in a fanciful way, what we are all experiencing now in real life. After the clouds of winter have rolled away, spring, with its flowers, its cheerfulness, its hope and its love, comes greeting us once again.

"I come, I come, ye have called me long,
I come o'er the mountains with light and song!
Ye may trace my path o'er the wakening earth
By the winds that tell of the violet's birth."

Kissing in Public.

Miss Frances Willard is credited with propounding the following question to the ladies of the White Cross society: "Is it good manners for our white ribboners to greet one another with a holy kiss when they meet in depots, cars, streets, conventions and other public places?"

We should advise that the holy kiss be kept for holy occasions and holy places, to which cars, depots and streets do not, we fear, belong. Whether ladies should kiss at conventions composed entirely of ladies is another matter. If they really feel kindly toward one another, there is no harm in expressing that kindly feeling through the medium of a kiss. But if the ladies are going to fight, they show themselves no better than the rude men who announce hostilities by the sound of guns trained on the enemy, when they conceal animosity under the guise of friendship with a kiss. That lacks a good deal of being a holy kiss.

Street osculation and kissing in public halls, street cars, at church doors and at entertainments is abominable and is now only indulged in by women who, having passed through the sentimental stage of decline, are rapidly approaching the pug dog stage. This kind of woman will kiss anything from a dog's cold nose to the flat surface of a picture. It is no honor to be kissed by them and there must be a positive loss of character in the consent to press your lips to theirs, were it only for an instant. Somebody defines good manners as the apotheosis of self-control. Women who kiss rapturously in the streets are very far from being models of self-control. They are generally the women who scream at a runaway or faint dead away upon the most insufficient pretext.

Promiscuous and vapid kissing is not the cause of their lack of self-control. It is only the evidence of it. It isn't sure evidence either; but it will prove its case in five instances out of ten. A woman's lips are something as sacred as a man's tears. They should not be the recipient of the experiments of every unformed female affection. Nor should they be made to convey between persons of the same sex trifling emotions of joy, gratification or pride. Therefore we should never answer Miss Willard's questions in the negative and express the hope that this sterling woman will be able to influence the ladies to frown down a habit which is most unhappily common and which is unpardonably offensive.

They'll Leap Then.

Though still unengaged are numerous belles,
We're far from the end of the year,
And the girls will leap at the beach hotels
When the season for hops is here.

Esplanade Philosophy.

Crooks work fer er livin'. Well, so do biblebangers fer dat matter.

Er man wot writes too many letters is bound ter git ink on his feelers wot he can't scrub off pretty easy.

When yer see er sleeper in de park don't wait till he snores afore yer collar his clock and leather. Snores ain't good fer some men.

When er feller smiles at yer 'n keeps it up, jes' sneak eround 'n look behind his back. It's dollars ter doughnuts dat he's got er sticker or er gun waitin' fer yer.

Yer hev got ter turn up yer toes 'n croak some'time, so wot's de diff. whether yer git it wid er sand-bag, which is nice 'n easy like, er whether yer go off in er poor-house!

Don't t'ink er feller's tellin' ye de dead troot jes' case he talks sweet 'n has er smooth mug. Confidence men an' some women has soft mugs 'n dey're both sweet warblers, but when dey goes gunnin' dey brings down de game.

Er yaller clock ain't allus gold. Dey sometimes washes silver supers ter make 'em look toney. It's de same wid er cheap dude. He's snide on de inside, but when yer sees him er sailin' up de ave. wid his wings wide open, 'n er flappin', he looks like er chromo wid er gilt frame.

One Thing Lacking.

"If it wasn't for one thing, John," said she, as they sat down to their frugal dinner, "I could have made some nice oyster soup."

"Indeed! What was that?"

"I didn't have anything towards it but the salt."

FIRST HALF OF THE TWO-PART STORY.

A ROSE DISTILL'D

BY "THE DUCHESS."

Author of "Molly Bawn," "Phyllis," etc.

"But who is she? and where has she come from?" asked Mrs. Vyvyan, with uplifted brows and a slight accent of tone. She actually lays down her novel (the third volume, too) as she says this, as though honestly desirous of information, or scandal.

"She is a widow, I hear," replies her brother, lazily. He yawns, and pulls with languid affection the ears of the small terrier sitting on his knee.

"Oh! of course; they always are widows," said Mrs. Vyvyan.

"Well. Why shouldn't they be? Fellows will die, you know. By-the-by, did you hear about Fred's parsnips? He——"

"Never mind the parsnips. Fred," (Fred is her husband) "is always making an ass of himself about one thing or the other. Tell me what else you have heard about the newcomer."

"About Mrs. Stamer? Not much. She has taken the Holmes, it appears, and has one little daughter. I know nothing about her, and I shouldn't have known that if Daventry hadn't regularly button-holed me, and made me listen to him.

"How odd it is. That sort of woman has always only one child, and it is never a son. Why don't they have two? and why not a boy, sometimes?"

"Sometimes they have. I know a widow who has three little sons."

"A widow is another; no doubt. But this Mrs. Stamer has apparently no connections, no antecedents (that can be safely introduced), in fact, nothing!"

"She has money; and the best place to be had now in the neighborhood."

"I suppose," fretfully, "she will expect us to call."

"Let her expect, and don't call. Why should you? Stay at home, and so avoid this grievance."

"But if everybody else calls, I sha'n't like to feel I am the one ill-natured person in the parish. Why on earth can't she say who she is, or mention a cousin, or a sister, or an aunt? Charlotte Grynde saw her yesterday, and says she is too pretty to be proper."

"If ugliness is a patent of respectability, Miss Grynde is all one could possibly desire," says Captain Blackwood. She is, beyond all doubt, too proper to be pretty."

"Charlotte is trying, certainly, but I think she is a good soul," says Mrs. Vyvyan, carelessly, of her "dearest friend." "Somewhere—Stamer. It is a good name enough, but perhaps assumed."

"What's in a name?" quotes her brother. "We have all heard about the rose, you know, and considering what we have heard she must be superior to any rose. If her surname was Brown, Jones, or Robinson, it wouldn't take the lustre out of her eyes, or add an inch to her nose—which I hear is pure Greek. By-the-bye, she has got the most questionable christian name."

"How questionable?"

"It is almost improper," says Captain Blackwood, with a faint laugh. The day is warm, and laughter of the pronounced sort is beyond him. "She calls herself 'Audrey.' It sounds stagey, doesn't it? A woman who respected herself wouldn't go round with that name, would she? It's so disgracefully out of the common."

"A name signifies very little," says Mrs. Vyvyan, severely, who doesn't like being ridiculed even by a pet brother.

"Look here, Pussy," says Captain Blackwood: "Don't you be the first to taboo this poor little woman. She is only your own age, I hear, twenty-seven" (Mrs. Vyvyan is thirty-two), "so don't be hard on her. No doubt she has had bad times enough, without coming down heavily upon her."

"I shan't do anything, of course, until other people move," says Mrs. Vyvyan, much mollified by that happy allusion to her—or rather Mrs. Stamer's age. The other people mean the Bishop, Mrs. Bishop, and Lady Mary Gore.

"And don't be too hasty even then," advises her brother, who is a good-natured young man, some three years her junior. "By-the-bye, talking of haste, I would take three inches off her tail, if I were you. You shouldn't delay another hour."

"Of whose tail?" startled.

"Gilly's. These Irish terriers don't look the thing with tails."

"Oh! the dog," says his sister, in a relieved tone. "I thought you were speaking of——. I don't understand dogs, but take off Gilly's tail if you like, only—don't hurt her."

"Here comes Charlotte the Grynder: so I'll retire," says Captain Blackwood, glancingdown the avenue through the open window. "She has got on her new black silk, so she means mischief. I won't have any tea this evening, thanks, unless you will be so good as to send it at the library. And Pussy, a last word: if you really want to make your friend thoroughly happy, just expatiate on what you have heard of Mrs. Stamer's beauty."

A sound outside, a well-known semi-masculine step, and Captain Blackwood flies to regions dull—but inaccessible.

In spite of its many spinsters, society in Pullingham is eminently good-natured. Just now it is grieving excessively at having to hold back the right hand of fellowship from the stranger at The Holmes. But as The Laniges have not gone to see her in their landau, The Elms have not dared to show her the light of their countenance in their phaeton; and so on to the lesser degrees of pride, each member shrinking from the initiative in this matter.

At the end of a week, however, things come to a climax. The Bishop, a wonderfully unworldly man as bishops go, waking to a sense of the situation, drags himself away from the contemplation of his strawberry beds, and persuades Mrs. Bishop to put on her best bonnet, and come with him to make a formal call at The Holmes. This, poor woman, she does in fear and trembling; Lady Mary Gore has not as yet signified her intention of visiting the new comer, and Lady Mary is own sister to a duke! Supposing Mrs. Bishop should be putting her foot in it? Awful thought!

She feels a little faint, but having donned the bonnet in obedience to her lord, ascends the Noah's Ark they call a coach, and drives away with him to call upon this unknown woman who may or may not (here the faintness returns) be respectable; she almost weeps, and certainly scolds all the way there, and finally arrives just in time to meet Lady Mary departing.

Yes, there is balm in Gilead! Again, the sun shines, the flowers emit the sweetest perfume. All is changed. She presses Lady Mary's hand affectionately, and murmurs "how glad she is to see that Lady Mary too" (too "heavily emphasized) "has espoused this poor creature's cause, and has not gone over to those who seem bent on ignoring her presence in the county."

Lady Mary nods and blinks, and gives it as her opinion that the "poor creature" is absolutely charming, and goes on her way rejoicing, with a large smile upon her broad, ugly, lovely old face.

After the bishop, Mrs. Vyvyan calls, and after that there is a rush from minor quarters to see the pretty widow, who has dropped down amongst them, as if from the skies.

They find her very good to look at; so good that somebody says she cannot be bad, her face a so angelic; yet everyone, in his or her secret heart, feels that there may be something in her past not altogether—well—you understand: and this adds piquancy to the acquaintance, though all would have died rather than confess it.

There is one great charm about Mrs. Stamer. She is always at home and always to be seen, so everyone can gratify his curiosity about her. She is ever to be found seated in a huge rocking-chair in her drawing-room, with the windows open (it is hottest, brightest June), an immense peacock fan in her little jeweled hand, and a very tiny child at her feet.

She is dressed in deepest mourning—not crape exactly, but heavy black for all that, relieved here and there by some handsome jet, and old lace frillings at the throat and wrists. The child is in mourning, too; yet she tells everyone she has been a widow for a little more than three years. On her left hand, as in duty bound (this is Miss Grynde's remark, not mine), she wears a plain wedding ring; on her right two magnificent diamonds, worth a small fortune. Miss Grynde is further of opinion that diamond rings of such value on a widow of unknown fame—are not respectable!

Pullingham is festive; it is even lavish in its hospitality. Invitations to stately afternoons, pompous dinners, and frivolous evenings have been showered upon Mrs. Stamer—all in vain. She has politely declined to join the dance in any form whatsoever. Indeed she lets it be understood that she means her abjure gaiety, and devotes herself exclusively to the cultivation of her child.

The child is a decided feature in her programme. There have been, and there are, pretty children in Pullingham, but anything so ethereally lovely as the little fairy who calls Mrs. Stamer "mamma" has never yet been seen there. She is a minute thing of five years, with yellow hair that encircles her like a cloud, and out of which gleam dark eyes and crimson lips, a complexion like a vertitable white rose, and a wistful expression that must have come with her from her own domain of Faerie.

To-day, being just a trifle cooler than its fellows, Mrs. Vyvyan drives her ponies down to The Holmes, and entering the shaded drawing-room there, literally lays siege to Mrs. Stamer, who is looking as slender and cool and calm as though the heat is not 90° in the shade, without even one sighing breeze to relieve its intensity. The flowers are drooping; the streamlets run slowly; gentle Zephyrus has forgotten the earth!

"You must come to us this evening," says Mrs. Vyvyan impetuously. "You must indeed. Why, you have been here for a full month, and never put in an evening anywhere. It is almost uncivil of you."

"Oh! not uncivil," says Mrs. Stamer gently.

"Well then, unkind. We wish to make you one of us, and you won't have it," says Mrs. Vyvyan, who had been the first to traduce her and the second to adore her. "Besides, tonight I want you."

"There are so many others," says the pale widow, with a faint smile. "In your charming circle a stranger, such as I am, cannot possibly be missed. A stranger however who feels your kindness deeply, and hardly knows how she can repay it." This last, with extreme grace, and a soft, undulating movement, and a sweeter smile.

"I know," says Mrs. Vyvyan briskly. "There is nothing to repay; but if you think there is, come to me to-night. It will be an early party; so early that I will ask you to bring your little one with you; and May and Edith will look after her.

At this, a faint little plaintive voice that seems to come from the mother's feet, makes itself heard. The child has been sitting on a low footstool buried in one of Mrs. Molesworth's charming tales, but the last sentence spoken has become English to her. She rises and throws her bare soft arms around her mother's neck.

"Oh, mamma, do, do take me! I have never been to a real party, and I want to play with Edith." Mrs. Stamer is not proof against this solicitation. It was indeed a lucky hour when Mrs. Vyvyan thought of asking the child.

"But my pet——" begins the widow, faintly.

"Say yes, entreats the golden-haired elf with authority—at which Mrs. Vyvyan laughs.

"You will come," she says hopefully. "That is right. Dulce," to the child, "I owe you a debt of gratitude. The fact is, the general is to be with us. He is staying with the Claremont people, and he is such a charming man, I should quite like you to meet him."

"I will come to you," sighs Mrs. Stamer, unwillingly. It is terrible to her to emerge from her seclusion, but she feels, in this instance, it will be so unfriendly too refuse, and if she has to live her life amongst these people, the sooner she accepts their ways the better, if only for her child's sake.

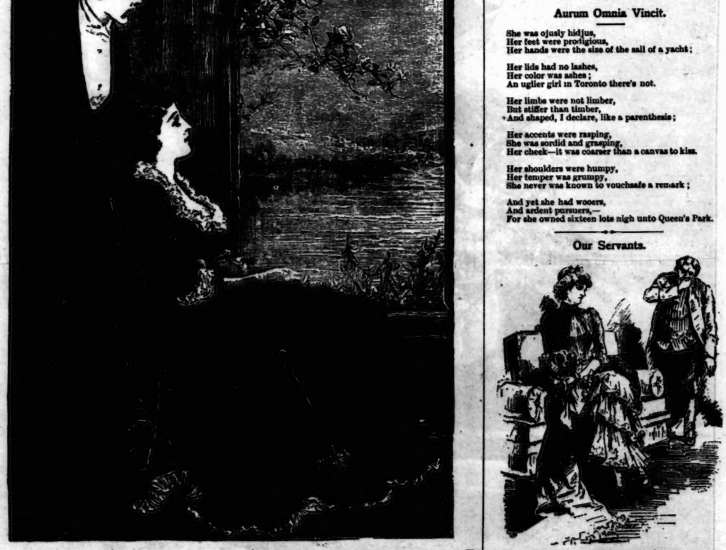
"Now that is right, says Mrs. Vyvyan; and she presses a little kiss upon Mrs. Stamer's pale cheek, as she takes her departure.

As Mrs. Stamer enters the reception rooms at the Grange, she finds them fuller than she had anticipated; where all these people can have come from is the first thought. Pullingham, in her eyes, had not appeared large enough to contain one half of them, yet after a careful scrutiny she confesses to herself that no face there is unfamiliar. Everyone seems a little surprised, and a good deal glad to see her. Her child is caressed and petted to her heart's content, until May and Edith Vyvyan carry her off bodily. The hostess rustles up to Mrs. Stamer, and makes much of her, and says something about George; where upon Captain Blackwood asserts himself, and takes Mrs. Stamer to the upper end of the room, where a window opens upon a scene replete with moonbeams and a shimmering lake.

Somebody is singing. The voice is not loud or powerful, but it is sweet, and it thrills one's soul only to hear it. Mrs. Stamer sighs profoundly, and sinking into a low chair, tells herself she may probably be happy here for an hour or two.

The moon is streaming in upon her; the gardens below are all afood with its light; the tiny wavelets on the lake seem to be sobbing and swaying through every ecstacy, so loving is the touch Diana gives them. A faint glimpse of the distant ocean, sparkling and scintillating in the clear rays, can be caught through the branches of the tall firs, that stand out jet black against the pallid sky. The perfume of many flowers creeps up, to render a perfect scene more perfect, and Mrs. Stamer leaning back in her seat, with eyes sympathetic turned upon the lovely light, adds to it another charm. Captain Blackwood is not talking; for this she is secretly grateful. He is not contenting himself with a prolonged survey of the faultless face beside him, that, calm and quiet as marble, yet suggests such possibilities of passionate feeling.

Then the song comes to an end, and a little murmur of admiration follows it; that dies away, and after it comes a fluttering: at the lower end of the long room there stands the entrance door and Blackwood glancing in its direction says, lazily:



"MRS. STAMER, LEANING BACK IN HER SEAT, WITH EYES TURNED UPON THE LIGHT, ADDS TO IT ANOTHER CHARM."

"The Claremont people at last, and the general!"

Mrs. Stamer, thus roused from her reverie, turns to her companion. "The general," she says, with a slight touch of amusement in her tone; and then, as if impelled by some absurd curiosity, she rises and glances down the room to see the last comers stand talking to Mrs. Vyvyan.

A tall, soldierly-looking man, with clear-cut features, a heavy moustache and very mournful eyes, is most conspicuous amongst the group. He is grave to a fault; but now, even as she looks, he smiles, and his smile is full of beauty, and transforms him in one instant from middle-age to youth.

"He is younger than one would expect in a general," says Captain Blackwood, without any particular interest in his tone, "though real live generals, tell the truth, are few and far between in Pullingham. He—By Jove!"

He is barely in time to catch Mrs. Stamer in his arms, as she sways forward and falls in a dead faint: caused by the heat, no doubt.

It is the simplest thing in the world to get her out of the room, and upstairs to Mrs. Vyvyan's bed without a sensation of any kind. One or two of the women guests, seeing what has happened, go with her, and as for the rest, they know nothing of the mishap that has befallen the mistress of the Holmes, until several hours have gone.

Time flies. The general is naturally the hero of the hour, coming fresh from Afghanistan. Grandfathers, the young people take to dancing in the grand old hall, and the general—who has laughingly declined to trip it unless he can find a partner of her own age, and what women will acknowledge to that?—steps out on the balcony, and gazes thoughtfully upon the sleeping garden. All is peace!—a great calm has fallen on the world. It seems almost as if ever-ready sin has sunk to rest: the lake ripples; the moonbeams shiver; the flowers sleep; no sound comes to move the intense quiet of the hour. But what is this?

A little form—is it angel or fairy?—comes slowly up to the general across the stony balcony. Pausing near him, it lifts its large eyes confidently to his face. It is the child, Dulce, who has grown wearied with her play, and would fain be at rest within her snowy bed. He can touch her if he will but put forth his hand. Involuntarily he does so, and drawing her to him, raises into her small face.

As he does so, his own changes; a heavy pallor shines through the bronze an Indian sun has laid upon his cheek. Raising her he takes her impetuously to where the light from the many lamps within must fall upon her, and illumine her baby features. Who is she like?—Who?—alas! too well he knows. His breath comes with painful rapidity, a film gathering before his eyes shuts out from them the little face he wants to see.

"Your name, child, your name!" he says hoarsely, so hoarsely indeed that the words are lost to her. She shakes her head wearily, and looks with the sleepy, but uncertain interest of a moment upon the gay scene within. The general's eyes are wild, yet, strange to say, the child betrays no fear. She only nestles a little closer to him, and lips an arm round his neck, and lays one of the fairest heads in Christendom upon his shoulder.

"I am tired," she says. "I wish mamma would come home."

"Where is your mother?" asks he, eagerly.

"In the drawing-room," replies the child, as her little head grows heavier. "If you see her, call her."

The general casts a piercing glance around the room. He can see nothing that may alleviate the uneasiness that has full possession of his breast. "Tell me your name, my little one," he says gently.

"Dulce Stamer," replies the drowsy fairy. After which confession, she sinks into placid sleep within his arms.

Finding a seat near him, the general slowly takes possession of it. It is deep in the embrasure of the old fashioned window, and is hidden from the room by curtains that hang heavily. Here he sits nursing the child contentedly; with infinite care he so disposes the little rounded limbs and dainty body that her sleep may be undisturbed. What unspeakable tenderness he gazes upon the silken lashes and rosy lips, through which the breath of life ebbs and flows calmly, evenly.

So an hour passes, and then the curtains are parted, and Mrs. Vyvyan looking in, stares at the tableau that presents itself to her view. A general and an infant! If incongruous, it is at least charming.

"General!" she whispers with a loud laugh. "Is it so you have been entertained? Who made you a nurse to-night?"

"She came to me of her own accord," says the general, somewhat proudly; "she gave herself into my keeping with the most flattering trust. If you don't want her, don't take her from me. I have seldom been so happy as I have been to-night."

"That is very sweet of you," says Mrs. Vyvyan; "but I must let you off duty now. Dulce's mother waits her. She is going home."

"Then, let me take her to her carriage," says the general, strangely loath to surrender his little friend to anyone.

"No, no," says Mrs. Vyvyan earnestly. "Mrs. Stamer has not been well, and so wants to get away quietly. A strange face might upset her." So saying, she stoops, and lifting Dulce with the utmost gentleness, bears her away from the general.

(To be Continued.)

Aurum Omnia Vincit.

She was ojusly hidjus,
Her feet were prodigious,
Her hands were like fins of the sail of a yacht;

Her lids had no lashes,
Her color was ashes;
An uglier girl in Toronto there's not.

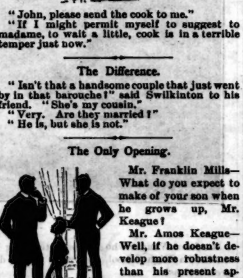
Her limbs were not limber,
But stiffer than timber,
And shaped, I declare, like a parenthesis;

Her accents were rasping,
She was sordid and grasping,
Her cheek—it was coarser than a canvas to kiss.

Her shoulders were humpy,
Her temper was grumpy,
She never was known to vouchsafe a remark;

And yet she had wooers,
And ardent pursuers,—
For she owned sixteen lots nigh unto Queen's Park.

Our Servants.



"John, please send the cook to me."

"If I might permit myself to suggest to madame, to wait a little, cook is in a terrible temper just now."

The Difference.

"Isn't that a handsome couple that just went by in that barouche?" said Twiklinton to his friend. "She's my cousin."

"Very. Are they married?"

"He is, but she is not."

The Only Opening.

Mr. Franklin Mills—What do you expect to make of your son when he grows up, Mr. Keague?

Mr. Amos Keague—Well, if he doesn't develop more robustness than his present appearance indicates, I'm afraid I shall have to make a minister of him.

The Uses of the Ocean.

The ocean is popularly called a waste of waters. There is no greater mistake and misnomer. The sea is as essential to the life and beauty of the world as the blood that flows in our veins is essential to human life and beauty. It is a vast, exhaustless fountain of life and health and beauty. Without its contributions every form of life would perish, and the world would become one vast Sahara of frost and fire, and the solid globe itself, scarred and blasted on every side, would swing in the heavens as silent as the first morning of the creation. The water is as indispensable as the air. All plants, from the smallest to the greatest; all animals, from the animalculæ to the leviathan, from the mastodon to the microscopic creatures that swarm by millions in a dew-drop; all drink out of the sea. All the waters that are in the rivers, lakes and fountains, the dew, the rain, the snow, the vapor, come alike from the ocean." The ocean fills the rivers, not the rivers the ocean. The womb of all the water is the sea. The rivers rise in the sea, not in the mountains, as geographers declare. When they return to the ocean they are simply wayward children going home to their generous mother. The amount of water taken up out of the ocean and sent down in refreshing dew and rain would make a river twenty-five thousand miles long, reaching round the globe, more than fifty times as large as the Mississippi or the Amazon. It would make another grand Gulf Stream sweeping and circling about the entire planet. How many rivers are there in the sky? Just as many as there are on the earth. If they were not first in the sky, how could they be on earth? If it is the sky that keeps them full, then the sky must always have enough to keep them full; that is, it must be pouring down into them as much as they themselves are pouring down into the sea. It is estimated that enough water falls every year to convert the whole globe into a mass five feet in depth. All this water, vast as it is, comes first out of the sea, and then returns to it. If it were not for this amount sent off by evaporation, and the amount sent out and the amount received did not balance, we should all very soon be under water, and the waves of old ocean would be rolling over all the land.

We are surrounded every moment by the presence and bounty of the sea. It is the sea that looks out upon us from every violet in our garden bed; from every spire of grass that drops upon our passing feet the beaded dew of the morning; from the rustling ranks of the growing corn; from the bending grain that fills the arms of the reaper; from the juicy globes of gold and crimson that burn among the green orchard foliage; from the foreheads of his cattle and the faces of his children; from the well at his door and the brook that murmurs at its side; from the elm and spreading maple that weave their protecting branches beneath the sun and swing their breezy shadows over his habitation. It is the sea that feeds him. It is the sea that clothes him. It cools him in summer and warms him with the blazing fires of winter. It is, moreover, the great vehicle for the distribution and equalization of the heat of the globe, cooling the torrid and warming the temperate and frigid zones.

Dodds—Jack Goltt is making ducks and drakes of his fortune, isn't he?

Nobbs—Yes, and he is a awful goose of himself.

Young author—What would you recommend me to do in order to produce a clever novel?

Terrible critic—Get somebody else to write it.

NEVER BEFORE

Could the public procure in this country a bottle of fine old port wine in proper condition and free from sediment, until Messrs. Paranzano introduced their

"COMMENDADOR"

BOTTLED IN OPORTO.

Messrs. Paranzano have now found it necessary to register this brand for the Dominion and will take legal proceedings against any one infringing upon it, or found refilling the bottles with other wine. Always ask for

"COMMENDADOR"

And see that the corks are branded. Beware of cheap imitations, as cheapness and merit are not associated.

To be had from all First-class Grocers and Wine Merchants.

SPRING GOODS

Ladies' Walking Boots

Dongola, Goat, French Kid, Imperial Kid and Calf Kid

Newest Styles and in Widths and Half Sizes.

Our Own Make and Imported.

Prices Moderate

79 King Street East, Toronto.

REMINGTON STANDARD TYPEWRITER

40,000 in Daily Use

I We give purchasers privilege of returning machine, unbroken, any time within thirty days, o.o.d., for full purchase price, if not absolutely satisfactory in every respect.

GEO. BENGOUGH, 36 King Street East

Temple of Fashion

JUST RECEIVED

FULL LINES OF

SPRING SUITING AND PANTING

SPRING OVERCOATINGS

IN ALL SHADES

SPAIN'S

455 Queen Street West

J. YOUNG

THE LEADING UNDERTAKER

347 Yonge Street, Toronto.

TELEPHONE 679.

AMERICAN HOTEL

TORONTO.

ON THE EUROPEAN PLAN.

THOS. TAYLOR, PROPRIETOR. H. M. EDSALL, MANAGER.

This well-known hotel has been remodelled entirely on the European plan. There is accommodation for over 60 boarders, a well-stocked bar, and the tables are supplied with the best and most seasonable luxuries the markets afford. Resident commercial travellers can have sample room accommodation without board, etc. A table d'hote for business men and merchants daily. Hotel the best situated in Toronto; adjacent to steamboats, railroads, etc.

THE

CRITERION RESTAURANT

TORONTO

H. E. HUGHES, - - Proprietor

This well known and popular restaurant has recently undergone marvellous improvements and alterations. The Bar and Private dining apartments now front on King Street, corner Leader Lane, and the Public dining room entrance will in future be from Leader Lane.

Counter lunch from 12 o'clock till 3.

Prompt Attention and Moderate Charges

Criterion Restaurant, 63 King Street East

A Romance of the Plains.

One of the best-known characters in southern Arizona is Billy Long, one of the pluckiest little scouts that ever "pumped lead" into a band of blood-thirsty, throat-cutting Indians. He was with Capt. Lawton, who rounded up that wily, red-skinned diplomat, Geronimo, and did such splendid service during the almost endless chase after the Apache chief that he was specially mentioned in the official report of the campaign.

The Little Scout, as he is sometimes called, is a Texan by birth, and as far back as he can remember he has been on the frontier driving cattle, fighting Indians and playing hide-and-seek with nature in search of her precious metals. He is still young, being only twenty-five years old, yet he has the reputation of being quick on the trigger, and, it is said, he never misses what he draws on.

Several years ago, when that well-known pioneer, Charlie Benham, was making a great effort to develop the silver mines of northern Mexico, he employed Billy to drive a stage running between the city of Hermosillo and one of his mining camps in the Canonea mountains, and also to act as wagon-master for bullion trains coming in from the mines. Billy was employed in this capacity in the spring of 1885, at which time Geronimo and his band of renegade Apaches started on their bloody raid through Sonora. The news of the fresh Indian outbreak was telegraphed from Arizona to Charlie Benham at Hermosillo, and he knew at once that his camp in Canonea mountains would be one of the first places raided, as it was situated in the very heart of an old Apache stronghold. As Indian outbreaks had been expected, and the men at the mines had only a few guns and were in utter ignorance of the impending danger. No time was to be lost, as the Indians were known to be heading south and traveling day and night.

Selecting two of the best horses in his corral Benham had one loaded with Winchester rifles, Colt revolvers and ammunition, and begged Billy to make all haste in reaching the unsuspecting miners in the mountains. It was a long, lonesome ride, through a rugged country, but Billy was eager to make the trip. He had passed over the trail so often that every landmark was familiar to him, and he prided himself that he could find his way on the darkest night. He set out from Hermosillo late in the afternoon.

All that night he rode and the next day and the next night, never stopping to sleep or give his animals a moment's rest. On the morning of the second day he reached the foothills of the Canonea mountains, twelve miles from the camp. His horses were badly jaded and he was beginning to feel the effects of his long ride himself. A small water-hole was reached, where there was an abundance of grass, and he stopped and let his horses graze an hour or two. Leisurely he saddled up and was just preparing to mount, when he noticed his horse was watching something in the distance.

Billy turned in the direction the horse was looking and discovered a band of Indians scarcely a mile away, coming over a low hill which had hitherto shut them out from view. The Indians were not long in sighting him, and began spreading out to encircle him. Billy divined their intentions, and knowing that an open fight against such odds would be certain death, mounted his horse and started on a dead run towards the mouth of a big canyon, through which passed the trail leading up to the mining camp. For some minutes there was an exciting chase, with Billy in the lead and the Apaches rapidly gaining. His horses were badly tired to hold out long. He knew the animals, if left to themselves, would make their way to camp, and, dismounting at the mouth of the canyon, pulled the bridles off the horses and giving each one a sharp blow with the reins, headed them for camp.

The Indians, who had been watching closely all that was taking place, saw Billy was going to make a fight and dismounted. Under cover of rocks and bushes they began to close in on the pile of rocks where he had taken refuge. This was by no means Billy's first fight with Apaches, and he knew just what to expect. He knew they would keep themselves carefully concealed and wait to catch him off his guard, and he determined to fight them according to their own tactics. He succeeded in making his way unobserved to a high pile of rocks further up the canyon, and from this point he got a better view of what was going on below. Soon he discovered an Indian creeping along under cover of a little knoll.

The chance could not be missed, and with the sharp crack of the little scout's Winchester a good Apache died. A volley from all sides answered the shot, but the bullets only flattened on the rocks close around, and, without harming him, sung unpleasantly close to his ears. For three hours this trying fight kept up, when the clatter of hoofs on the canyon told that aid was coming, and the Indians, who were not to be taken by surprise, hastily made off, carrying a number of dead bucks with them.

Billy's timely arrival saved many miners who were scattered around through the mountains from being surprised and murdered. The Indians continued to hover around the place, and it was unsafe for anyone to venture outside of adobe walls. Soon after the first Indian raid Benham was murdered in Hermosillo by one of his drivers, and this event, coupled with the uncertainty of life in the mountains, caused the Canonea mines to be abandoned. Billy, being out of employment, asked for and received a position as scout and guide for the forces which had been sent in pursuit of Geronimo. While serving as courier for Lawton's famous B Troop, of the Fourth Cavalry, he soon attracted the attention of army officers by the daring rides which he made alone through mountain ranges which were known to be full of hostile Indians. He was sent on dangerous missions, and, although he had some very narrow escapes, he was fortunate enough to pass through the campaign unharmed.

On one occasion Billy, with two other scouts and four soldiers, was sent from Fort Huachuca, in Pima county, Arizona, to join Lawton's command, which was supposed to be somewhere in the Axul mountains in Sonora. One of the soldiers was a half-breed Sioux, who had just enlisted in the Northwest and been sent down to join the Fourth cavalry. At the point the fellow was so unruly that everyone was glad to get rid of him, and it was hoped that some hard experience in actual service would quiet him down. He had hardly got out of sight of the fort before he became very boisterous, refused to recognize anyone's authority, and made himself generally disagreeable. He brought along with him two bottles of whisky, which he frequently sampled, and at the end of the first day's journey was in a helpless state of intoxication. He did not change his conduct next day or the day following, and everybody began to feel that matters were fast approaching a crisis. The heart of the Indian country had been reached, and there were fresh signs on every side. The utmost caution was necessary, but Billy's best-laid plans were continually frustrated by the half-breed. He was jeopardizing the lives of the whole party.

To quiet matters down Billy ordered him to fall back in the rear of the party and to keep in that position during the balance of the way. He obeyed with evident reluctance, and it could easily be seen that he was bent upon mischief of some kind. Presently he gave a loud Sioux warwhoop which could have been heard a mile away, and, putting spurs to his horse, dashed past Billy, and as he did so discharged his carbine almost full at his breast. Billy knocked the muzzle of the weapon up just in time to save himself, and, riding close in on the half-breed, slapped a revolver to his head and forced him to drop his gun and dismount. The whole party was so exasperated at the half-breed's conduct that it was with difficulty that Billy could save him from being summarily disposed of. He was, however, deprived of his arms and forced to travel on foot until so thoroughly tired out that he became submissive.

In the summer of 1885 Billy had a romantic and thrilling experience, down in the District of Saueripi, some three hundred miles south of the border line. Accompanied by another scout he had been sent to gather up some Government stock which had been left behind. Their route was south to the town of Saueripi, capital of the district, and from there to Bacanora, a little town in the mountains, about forty miles further to the west. It was their intention to locate all the stray stock on their way down and to pick them up as they returned by the same trail. Arriving at Saueripi, they put up at the house of an old American physician, who had lived in the place many years. The old gentleman had been a surgeon in the Confederate army during the civil war, and, in common with many others who fought on that side, had emigrated to Mexico after Lee's surrender. He was full of life and vigor, and he insisted that all Americans who visited the town should enjoy the hospitality of his house.

Billy and his partner were handsomely entertained, and in the evening the doctor called in a few of his neighbors to have a frolic in an inner courtyard of his place. A number of Mexican girls came to enjoy a moonlight dance with the two gringos, who spoke very little Spanish, but who knew all about a Mexican dance. Billy looked his best in a suit of buckskin, and his graceful bearing was enough to captivate any woman's heart. He impressed all present, but there was one in particular who showed very plainly by her actions that she had seriously fallen in love. This was Senorita Carolina, a tall, graceful girl not more than eighteen years of age. She had an abundance of glossy black hair and great big lustrous eyes; but a low, receding forehead and very large mouth gave her face a peculiar expression.

She danced several times with Billy and seemed perfectly happy as long as he remained by her side; but the moment he left her to dance with anyone else she seemed to give way to a fit of melancholy. The old doctor who was watching with evident interest all that was going on, noticed the girl's actions and twitted Billy about his monkey-faced sweetheart. When the crowd dispersed Billy was still joked by his companions and poor Carolina was invariably spoken of as monkey-face.

Early next morning the two scouts set out for Bacanora and arrived there late in the afternoon. The trail between the two towns leads through an exceedingly rugged range, which has always been a favorite hiding place for roving bands of Apaches. As they passed over the trail Billy and his partner counted eight new wooden crosses, which had been erected on spots where travelers had lately been killed by Indians. They were not on the lookout for Indians, as Geronimo's band had been seen only a few days before on the Barispi river, nearly 200 miles to the north.

Accomplishing their mission at Bacanora, the two men started on their return trip, driving three or four horses before them. They had covered about half the distance to Saueripi, and were jogging leisurely along through the mountains when they reined up short on hearing the report of guns not very far ahead. Immediately afterwards they saw a woman mounted on horseback dashing up the trail toward them.

"What in the h—do you reckon that is?" exclaimed Billy in astonishment, as he and his companion hastily dismounted and got their Winchesters ready.

"It's some woman tryin' to kill his wife, I guess," was the nonchalant response, but a moment later, as the woman came near enough for her features to be distinguished, Billy cried out:

"If it ain't my monkey-face you can have my hat."

"Yes, and here comes the whole cussed Apache tribe right behind her," chimed in his companion.

The woman was now only a few yards away, and it could plainly be seen that the bosom of her plain calico dress was saturated with blood. Billy sprang forward to catch the frightened horse, which he was evidently too terrified to manage, and as he did so heard her murmur faintly:

"*Cuidado! Los Indios! Los Apaches!*" and the next instant she fell heavily forward into his arms. Billy eased the girl gently to the ground, and, tearing her dress, tried to stanch the blood which issued from two gaping wounds in her breast, but he soon saw that she was dead, and he turned to assist his companion, whose Winchester had already begun to talk. The two scouts "pumped lead" lively for a few minutes, and the Apaches, who were completely taken by surprise, could not take to the rocks before three of their number had been killed outright and several others wounded. Once under cover it was next to impossible to get a glimpse of an Apache again, and after waiting in vain for several minutes for something to shoot at, Billy's partner exclaimed:

"Look here, Billy, we'll have to git out'n this mighty quick. The cusses are slipping up on us all around."

"And leave that girl's body here to be torn to pieces by the breech-clouted devils!" remarked Billy in not much. I'm going to take her with us or die trying."

He meant just what he said, and regardless of the heavy fire which was opened on him whenever he exposed himself to view, he succeeded in lifting the girl's body to the back of the horse she had rode and securing it to the saddle with his lasso. The Apaches saw that he was, with their animals, commenced to retreat rapidly towards Bacanora, stopping only to return the fire of the Apaches, so as to keep them at a respectful distance. Night set in before they reached the town, but the darkness helped them to make good their escape, and when they arrived at the little place, bringing with them the dead body of the girl, words could hardly describe the excitement and confusion which followed. The *Prefecto* of the town called on every able-bodied man and soon a motley crowd, armed with every conceivable kind of weapon, was organized to go in search of the Apache band.

The next morning a sad procession of several hundred men set out on the trail for Saueripi, escorting poor Carolina's remains. Billy was gloomy and despondent all during the journey, and recalling all the events of the dance at the doctor's house he could not help thinking that he was in some way to blame for Carolina's death.

At Saueripi he learned the truth. The Indians had suddenly turned about and taken the back trail. They reached the vicinity of Saueripi the day Billy left and killed several people close to the town. Carolina heard of the depredations which had been committed, and knowing that the Indians would head for the mountains through which Billy would have to pass on his return, she was out walking with a friend and warn him of the danger in time to save his life. Here was a heroic act, but the Indians reached the monkey-faced girl first and killed her, as many other women have done, while trying to peform a mission of love.

Billy has never forgotten this tragic event, and while he never loved the girl, whom he only met on the one occasion, yet it would be as much as a man's life is worth to lightly refer to "monkey-face."

Soon after the Apache war had ended Billy went to Nogales, Ari., and there became involved in a shooting scrape with a desperado named Vaughn, who tried to kill him without cause. With his usual good humor he had tried in every way to avoid a difficulty and had purposely kept out of the negro's way, but the fellow imagined that the little scout was afraid of him and followed him around with a double-barrelled shotgun. The two met at last in a saloon, and before the negro could raise his gun Billy had drawn his deadly six-shooter and sent a bullet through his heart. The case was so clearly in Billy's favor that he was never arrested or tried.

Billy is now engaged in prospecting and ranching in the mountains of Sonora, not far from the old Canoma mines, but he is often seen in the streets of Nogales and Tombstone, and is a welcome guest wherever he goes.

Clips.

Neublud—How was the Robinson reception last night?

DeBlanc—So slow that my watch ran down.

"Did you tell the ladies I was not at home?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"And what did they say?"

"They said, ma'am, as how it was terrible lucky."

"Ah! sir, art has made enormous strides in this country during the last ten years."

"Yes," replied the gentleman addressed—"so enormous, in fact, that though I have been in this country for eighteen months, I have not yet come across a single footprint."

Mr. Job Lott (complacently)—I've had quite a compliment to-day. A newspaper editor asked me for my photograph, to be published as one of the self-made men of our times.

Mrs. Lott (a society leader)—John, if you give it to him, I shall be mortified to death.—*Puck.*

"Mrs. Youngiove is perfectly devoted to her husband. Do you know, she walks down the avenue every afternoon to meet him!"

"That is not devotion, my dear, as you will see when everybody has seen her Easter costume."

At Del's, 1 a.m.

Mrs. Gaylord—You are a nice married man. Out this time of night.

Mr. Youngubsad—I'm a shining example. At home I'm Dr. Jekyll, and on the outside I'm Mr. Hyde and Seek.

Deacon Hymnly—May I ask, my dear sir, if you are a member of a church?

Mr. Woodbee—Yes, sir.

Deacon H—If I might inquire, what denomination?

Mr. W.—$100 a quarter.

Edwin (to accomplished wife)—Did you make these hot cross buns, love?

Angelina—Why! certainly, dear.

Edwin—Ah! well. We are told by the highest authority to bear our cross with meekness, but I didn't expect it would be as hard as this.

Neublud—Jones looks beastly glum.

Oldralk—Should think he would. He was doing the tender on his wife the other evening, petting her, and all that, you know, when he blunder kindly called her darling Flora.

Neublud—Well, what of that?

Oldralk—Her name is Bessie.

Dinah—Whar you goin' these ere evenin', Sam?

Sambo—To de meetin' ob de Othello Literary club.

Dinah—What foh you take youah razor, den?

Sambo—Dis am de night ob de big debate on de tariff, chile.

Gay Johnnie Rattler is seen turning in Delmonico's at 1 p. m., with his terribly sedate wife on his arm.

Capt. Grantley—Hello, there's Rattler actually going into Del's with that wife of his!

Mrs. Golightly—That's what one calls dragging one's anchor, isn't it, Jack!

Mrs. Anglays (to recently imported butler)—Simpkins, I am going to give a dance Tuesday, and I would like you to assist in the supper-room.

Simpkins—Sorry, mum; himpossible mum, we 'ave harranged to ave a swarry dansanty in the servant's all on that very hevening.

Consistency on draught.

"You weren't at church to-day."

"No. Both our coach horses are sick."

"Why didn't you walk?"

"And spoil my Easter suit in the rain!"

"Well, you might have taken a stage."

"Ah! but we cannot approve of Sunday stages, you know."

A particularly vigorous speaker at a woman's rights meeting, waving her long arms like the sails of a windmill, asked: "If the women of this country were to rise up in their thousands and march to the polls, I should like to know what on earth could stop them?" And in the momentary silence which followed this peroration a still, small voice remarked—"A mouse!"

A trifle premature.

Rustic individual—Did you find the fishing good, mister?

De Trouty (opening basket)—Ten speckled beauties.

Rustic—Gosh! Ain't they stunners? I reckon they're worth about five dollars apiece!

De Trouty (modestly)—Hardly as much as that, I guess.

Well, as it happens as how the season doesn't open until the first of of May; and as I'm constable of this ere town, that's just what they'll cost.

The courts of law have furnished us at various times with very witty and amusing remarks, lawyers and prisoners alike being guilty on this score. Doubtless everyone has heard of the Irishman who, in reply to the question, "Guilty or not guilty?" said "he would like to hear the evidence before he would plead." Curran, the Irish advocate, on one occasion was out walking with a friend who was extremely punctilious in his conversation. The latter, hearing a person near him approach for curiosity, exclaimed, "How that man murders the English language!" "Not so bad as that," replied Curran; "he has only knocked an *i* out!" "Prisoner at the bar," said a judge, "is there anything you wish to say before sentence is passed upon you?" The prisoner looked toward the door, and remarked that he would like to say "Good evening, if it was agreeable to the company." Lord Cockburn's looks, tone, language and manner were always such as to make one think that he believed every word he said. On one occasion, before he was raised to the bench, when defending a murderer, although he failed to convince the judge and jury of the innocence of his client, yet he convinced the murderer himself that he was innocent. Sentence of death was pronounced, and the day of execution fixed for, say, the twentieth of January. As Lord Cockburn was passing the condemned man the latter seized him by the gown, saying, "I have not got justice, Mr. Cockburn—I have not got justice." To this the advocate coolly replied, "Perhaps not, but you'll get it on the twentieth of January."

SOMEBODY'S BIG BLUNDER

We Cabled to repeat our Mantle Order, and our manufacturing agents have sent us

Four Hundred and Fifty Ladies' Spring Ulsters Too Many

Actually 450 more than we require. These Ulsters are all of the same class as those previously received. They are the most elegant wraps in Toronto to-day, no o her house in the trade having anything equal to them. What shall we do?

To Return Them Will Cost Somebody 35 Per Cent.

We have, after consideration, given instructions to our Mantle Manager to

Place Them on the Market at 25 Per Cent. Discount

The regular prices of these handsome garments is from $13.50 to $35. At the figures at which we are offering them no lady can afford to be without one

R. WALKER & SON, THE GOLDEN LION, 33, 35, 37 King Street East and 18 Colborne Street

THE CHARLES ROGERS AND SONS CO.
(LATE OF R. HAY & CO.)
95 & 97 Yonge St., Toronto
New Styles for the Spring Trade
IN ALL KINDS OF FURNITURE.
SPECIAL ATTENTION
TO FINE CABINET AND UPHOLSTERY WORK

Our new line of coverings now arriving will embrace all the latest styles and fashionable shades.

WE INVITE COMPARISON
95 & 97 Yonge Street, Toronto

FASHIONABLE DRESSMAKING
Handsome display of latest New York styles on view. Will be pleased to have you call and inspect my work.
MME. McCORMACK, 264 Sherbourne St.
LATE OF FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

The Great Tea House
JOHN McINTOSH
281 YONGE STREET, TORONTO.
Our late importations of Teas and Coffees are the best that ever came into this market. Our Assam, Souchong, Congou, Young Hyson and Japans are marvels of quality and cheapness. Coffee fresh roasted and ground. A fine Moderate Java Coffee from 20c. to 40c., low grade s from 20c. to 30c.
ALL TEA TABLE SUPPLIES.

THE SHORT WAY TO HEALTH AND STRENGTH

HE WAS POWERLESS AND MISERABLE.

Five years ago my right arm swelled at shoulder; could not do a day of work, move a finger; arm powerless; hundreds saw me in this miserable state; doctored three years for rheumatism; no success until five months ago.

Got St. Leon Water

drank regularly about six gallons monthly; have never lost one hour's work since. My arm, general strength, health and appetite are all toned up beyond conception.
JOHN WALTERS,
54 River street.

This rare water is sold at 30c. per gallon. Ask your druggist or grocer for it. Also by

JAMES GOOD & CO.
Wholesale and Retail Grocers and Dealers in St. Leon Water
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Best teeth on Rubber, $8.00. Vitalized air for painless extraction. Telephone 1476
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Would be pleased to see all my old customers and as many new ones as will favor me with a call. I have in hand all the latest styles and makes. First-class goods and low prices my motto
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Opp. Knox Presbyterian Church.

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FINE ORDERED BOOTS AND SHOES
A good fit guaranteed, prices moderate, strictly first-class
195 YONGE STREET, TORONTO
THIRD DOOR NORTH OF ALBERT HALL.

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You often see and meet Ladies who wear false hair as BANGS, WAVES, BANDEAUX, &c.
It is not difficult for you to tell if it is false or not because the thick and heavy look which spoils the natural soft expression of a lady's face, is absent, in the hair goods from natural look, without being a Phylagnomist or an expert in the hair line.
Therefore, ladies, if you want real nice and most natural looking fine made Hair Goods, go and pay a visit to
ARMAND'S HAIR STORE, 407 YONGE ST.
He has on hand, or will make to order, just what you require. He has the highest awards of three Gold and Silver Medals of the Paris (France) Inter. and National Hair Goods Exhibition and Competition of 1878-82. He is the only experienced Ladies' Hairdresser in Toronto, and knows well which kind of Bangs, Waves, Bandeaux, etc., will suit a lady best. Also Ladies' Hairdressing, Trimming, Singeing, Shampooing, etc.
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THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD, - - Editor.

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To Contributors.

Rejected contributions will not be returned, or those accepted paid for, unless a special agreement has been made to that effect. Unless manuscripts are accompanied by a price, everything sent to this office will be considered as a voluntary contribution, and the publishers will not hold themselves responsible.

The Testimonial Nuisance.

The practice of presenting testimonials either in the form of a purse raised by subscription or of some memento towards which friends of the recipient are asked to contribute, is rapidly becoming a nuisance. On all sorts of pretexts people are asked to put down their names for a dollar or two—often for much larger amounts—for the benefit of some one with whom they are perhaps but very slightly acquainted, and who is frequently in considerably better circumstances than those whose contributions are sought. Birth and wedding anniversaries, business changes, society elections, house warmings, or removals—all furnish the opportunity for the testimonial fend to renew his assaults upon pocket-books which are already sufficiently depleted by more legitimate calls. From the universality of the practice, it has well-nigh ceased to be a compliment. Everybody perforce subscribes to testimonials, for a refusal would be considered mean and churlish—and everybody in turn expects to be duly testimonialized as soon as a decent excuse presents itself, and to see his name flourishing in print as the recipient of some showy but utterly useless article, presented "not on account of its intrinsic value, but as a slight token of esteem."

The demands thus continually made on the resources of every man with a tolerably wide circle of acquaintances have grown to be a serious burden to men of moderate means. It is high time that a stand was taken against this practice—excepting where special reasons exist which seem to justify it. Where a man has performed some marked public service, initiated or carried through some needed reform, or suffered hardship and injustice in contending for the right, a valuable testimonial may appropriately be given. The real value of such an offering lies in the spontaneity of the movement—in its coming as the free, unsolicited expression of the sympathies and admiration of the donors. But the great majority of modern testimonials are gotten up simply by one or two busybodies or interested parties having an axe of their own to grind, who obtain subscribers merely because those approached are either too cowardly or good natured to refuse their contributions. It is time that a different rule prevailed and that the long suffering public mustered courage to withhold their names and money unless in cases where some special cause exists for doing exceptional honor to the recipient.

National Development.

It has often seemed to us that Canadians devote too much attention to discussing the comparatively remote and problematical future of their country, which might better be bestowed upon more immediate and pressing questions. The arguments for Canadian Independence and Imperial Federation, for instance, are interesting from a purely intellectual point of view. But as a matter of fact our destiny will not be decided by any formal, deliberate act or expression of the popular will. It must be worked out gradually by evolution. Neither individuals nor associations can hasten or retard the change in store for us by expressions of opinion or the elaboration of schemes for a national constitution. Paper constitutions count for nothing in the work of making a nation. They are effective only in so far as they embody a deep-seated popular idea. Much of the discussion that goes on respecting our future is in a vein that recalls the story, told to show the influence of the Emersonian philosophy, of a traveler who saw a small boy assiduously digging at the roadside in Concord, Massachusetts—"What are you digging after? he asked, supposing that the youngster was in pursuit of a chipmunk or a woodchuck. Nothing so commonplace! The little fellow looked up with a far-away expression and solemnly replied "After the Infinite!" There is a great deal too much digging after the Infinite in these speculations concerning our probable or possible future, in place of attending to the practical needs of the hour. The true policy is to do the thing that lies nearest to hand—to see to it that our laws and institutions are based on justice and right, to reform glaring vices—then the future may safely be left to take care of itself.

The one really important factor which will eventually and irrevocably decide our destiny is the character of the people now in process of formation. Slowly and surely there is being developed a distinctive type of Canadian character which will in the end shape and determine our governmental institutions. No artificial systems, no endeavor to create a sentiment that does not spring spontaneously into existence, can avail anything. Our fate is in one sense in our own hands, inasmuch as it will be wrought out by us. But it is not in constitution-building or mapping out the future that we shall do our share of the work, but by the less brilliant, though far more useful and practical task of remedying existing evils and framing our laws and social institutions upon right principles. Of high-flown sentiments and wordy declamation, we have had enough and to spare. The great thing is to cultivate a high standard of national character and deal wisely and well with current issues—and the exigent problems which everywhere confront thinking men. Evolution will do the rest.

The Women of the Future.

Social philosophers have as yet hardly begun to realize the importance of the changes which will be effected in the whole tone and structure of society by the opening up of new fields of employment for women. In almost every civilized country a great change in the relative position of the sexes is going on. A generation or two ago the man was regarded as the natural bread-winner of the family, and the employment of women except in a domestic capacity was exceptional. Now all this is changed. The development of machinery has caused the employment of very large numbers of women in mechanical pursuits, and latterly another large contingent belonging to the better educated classes are finding employment in continually increasing numbers in offices and counting rooms. They are taking the places of men as book-keepers, cashiers, clerks, secretaries, in fact in almost every department of commercial life.

This tendency will undoubtedly have far-reaching results, the extent of which it is at present impossible to forecast, upon social life. One important change already noticeable is that women in proportion as they become self-sustaining are less disposed to marry for the sake of a home and as a means of livelihood. There are in consequence fewer early marriages and an increasing number who do not look towards marriage as the goal of existence. Women are becoming more self-poised and independent, and with the consciousness of capacity to make their own place in the world the standard of their requirements in matrimony is naturally raised. They demand more in the direction of equality than formerly. The old ideal of the oak and clinging ivy as typifying the relations of man and wife is going out of fashion. With the business experience and knowledge of practical life now opened to woman she will not be as easily led or as readily become the slave of man's caprices as in the past. The shrewd, astute business woman of the future will be apt to form her own judgments upon all questions instead of deferring to the opinion of the men and accepting conventional views. Women will be less and less the creatures of impulse and emotion in the affairs of life and will be more guided by reason. The faculty of judgment hitherto defective, because untrained, will be developed and find exercise not only in the sphere of business but in all the relations of life. In short, the silent social revolution which has been going on for some years by the admission of women to business circles is likely to do much more in the direction of woman's mental and social enfranchisement than all the efforts of the female suffragists.

"Some Day I Shall Know."

For Saturday Night.

Shall we know each other there?
Must it be that I shall stand,
All lonely, by the river's brink,
And see you hand in hand
With her, whom you have chosen
In my place, since we misunderstood?

Perish the thought!
Were it so, I'd speed with reverent feet,
And bowing low before the throne,
Would pray "God send me on some errand
Far from here, where never sign
Of this one spot shall be in memory even.
Let me be one to carry counsel sweet
To hearts that love, but cannot make it plain,
And thus fall far apart from those they love—
To show them each the other, and to see
Their footsteps straight and tend their hearts in one."

Here on the earth I've risen so high
That I can say "God bless you"—yes "and her"—
"Make all your life one glad, bright song;"
But there, thank God, nor man nor woman is,
And unto each is given a white, white stone,
And on it writ a name that no one knows
Save He who gives, and he to whom 'tis given—
And, so, no sign of earth remains,
And we shall not remember in that world
The sweets of this, nor yet its days of pain,
For all things new shall be, and, with them, you and I.

FRANCESCA DI——

TORONTO, April 26th.

The True Gentleman.

It would be difficult to point out a word in the English language that is more frequently misapplied than the appellation, *gentleman*. In common parlance, it is used to designate any man whose coat, hat, boots and linen are in good condition, and who is neither charitably cared for in an almshouse nor forcibly detained in a jail. To tell the truth, there are some who have been in jail, and still a greater number who *ought* to be, who are daily spoken of by that title.

A cunning sharper, without education, principle, or sense of gratitude, whose life-plan, formed in early youth, has been to hoodwink, overreach and swindle all with whom he has come in business contact, and who lives in splendor on the proceeds of moral felonies so dexterously managed as to have escaped the penalties of the law, is, nevertheless, by modern conventionalism, styled a gentleman. We need not go far to lay our fingers upon such *gentlemen*. We rub shoulders with them on the sidewalks, and see hats touched to them as they pass. They dash in elegant carriages through our thoroughfares, driven by honester men than themselves. Such individuals, when they die full of years, and rich in the compound interest of iniquity, are regretted as eminent citizens, and the most fulsome obituary puffs are offered to their manes.

But, after all, there is a class of society that recognizes gentlemen in the abstract, and despises the bogus ware that passes current for the genuine article. Probity, independence, unselfishness, tender regard for the feeling of others, and a hearty hatred for whatever is mean, tricky, vulgar, or profane—these are among the qualities that distinguish the TRUE GENTLEMAN.

Methodism in Toronto.

(By an Old Minister.)

RETROSPECTIVE.

In giving this brief reverie relative to the Methodist Church in this city I do not propose going much farther back than my own recollections can take me, except a few statements which may be regarded as introductory. This church has been a powerful factor in shaping the history of "this Canada of ours." It has furnished men of gigantic intellect, of strong will, of loving hearts, who have battled for the right, and have not failed in the conflict. Sometimes their methods may have seemed harsh. But they contended against a powerful monopoly. Many would not hesitate to say, they had unscrupulous foes to contend against. They were, however, equal to the occasion. If those men had not become the providence of our country, what would it have been to-day? In a word, as the ages advanced, would it not have been the scene of contention and bloody revolutions? Upon these thoughts, suggestive as they are, I cannot now dwell, but at once proceed to address myself to the pleasant task of tracing some circumstances in the past of our city which link it inseparably with the Methodist Church.

For a good number of years there were three, and for a short time, four different branches of Methodism in Toronto. 1. The Canadian Conference, having arisen from missionaries sent from the M. E. Church of the United States. 2. The British Wesleyans, deriving their origin, and many people thought too much of their support, from the Methodists of Great Britain. More than this, there were those, whose intelligence should have taught them otherwise, who professed to believe and industriously circulated the report, that the British Wesleyan missionaries were richly endowed by the government, and therefore needed nothing from the people to whom they ministered. 3. The Primitive Methodist body, an offshoot from the Wesleyans in England. Their zeal provoked many others to "love and good works." 4. The New Connexion Methodists, another offshoot from the same source. The Ryanites, thus called from their founder, Henry Ryan, who seceded from the Canadian Conference at an early period of their history, until their union with the New Connexion Methodists of England, never had a cause in Toronto. Mr. Ryan was, I believe, occasionally accustomed to stop and preach in "Little York" as he traveled through the country. Neither had the Methodist Episcopal Church any cause here, though, I have heard it stated that the "Bishop," more than once, came *prospecting* into our city, previous to the eventually consummated union of all the Methodist bodies.

I cannot of course in one SATURDAY NIGHT article give anything like a complete history of the disagreements and unions between these several bodies of Methodists, and their progress up to what the Church now is. I propose to refer to their origin here, and some of the more salient points in their history, as time and space may permit. If history is philosophy teaching by example, I believe the history of Methodism in Toronto will be found to be specially philosophical. A few sentences here may not be out of place as to the need, or needlessness, of these several branches of the same body in one town or city, of comparatively limited extent. They taught the same doctrines, sung the same hymns, had the same methods in their worship. There was but little difference in their government. Why could they not merge into one body, and thus become a strong, influential church, as they have since done? The causes of this continued estrangement were probably two-fold, which I can but barley mention, viz., social and political. In the western part of our country there has been a most ardent love of liberty. Our intercourse with the neighboring nation would serve to intensify this. Leaving the social considerations for the present, I will state one thing in regard to politics, which I know to have been a fact. It was only necessary to know that a man belonged to the British Wesleyans, to set him down at once as a high Conservative in politics. The Primitive Methodist church was the home of Radicals. The adherents of the New Connexion, were considerably mixed. The adherents of the Canadian Methodists were both Tories and Radicals; I do not say they were sometimes one, and sometimes the other. Doubtless, if there were those who were not always ranged on the same side in politics, they had seen good reason to change. They had a perfect right to do so. I believe the above statements are applicable to Toronto. At the same time, I believe one could seldom find a city of its size, and churches existing as those branches of Methodism, no doubt jealous of each other as they have sometimes been, where a larger proportion of patriotic citizens and politicians have in the past been known by the name as to their religion—Methodist.

The first Methodist church—being the second place of worship in Little York—though not dignified with the name of *Church*, was erected in the summer of 1818. The site was the south side of King street, just about the place where the building is being erected for the Bank of Commerce. Its dimensions, forty feet square. The material, wood. There was, of course, a frame to be prepared, then a "raising." When the builder was ready he went to solicit aid in raising the frame, stating to it that there would be neither rum nor whisky, but they would have "beer and cakes." The "meeting house" was ready for occupancy in the early autumn of that year. At that time there was not a single Methodist in the town. The preachers were, however, men of faith, and speedily conversions took place, and a society was formed. Prosperity seemed to dawn upon the little flock, and the efforts of preachers were very successful in gathering sinners into the fold. A difficulty appeared in the fact, that Wesleyan missionaries from England commenced divine service in the Masonic hall. Many whose proclivities were strongly British, forsook the little white meeting-house, and the numbers were much diminished. There was at that time no need for more than one church, and in the year 1820 the English Conference and the General Conference of the United States, whose jurisdiction extended over Upper Canada, arranged for the withdrawal of the missionaries. The field was then again cultivated only by the original occupants. Prosperity attended their efforts. In 1826 the membership was two hundred, and the increasing congregation rendered it necessary to enlarge the building. An addition of thirty feet was made, thus furnishing an audience room forty feet wide and seventy feet long.

York, up to this time, had no resident minister. It is entered on the minutes of Conference as "Yonge street and York." Some time previous to this there was preaching but once a fortnight. It was now found necessary to have service every Sabbath. The following year the town was separated from the country, and a preacher stationed here to look after the interests of the flock at the "White Meeting-House." That preacher was Rev. William Ryerson, a man of wonderfully persuasive eloquence. He was succeeded the year following (1828) by Rev. Franklin Metcalf. This year Methodism in Canada was set off as an independent branch of the church. The following year (1829) the publication of the *Christian Guardian* was commenced, with Rev. Egerton Ryerson editor, and Rev. Franklin Metcalf assistant. This was in addition to his duties as pastor. I have heard it stated that Mr. Metcalf had a finely proportioned figure, a commanding presence, did everything with propriety and with good taste. He was educated for a physician, but gave up medicine to preach the gospel. He was a superior scholar, and the best preacher of his day. He was devoted to his work, and simply bore the stamp of a Christian gentleman. He remained here for two years, beloved by all who knew him, and left to become district presiding elder.

In the month of May, 1832, almost fifty-six years ago, I came to Little York. On the last Sabbath evening of that month or May I well remember, then a little boy, going with my father to the White Meeting-House and hearing the Rev. John Ryerson, who was then the stationed minister; and I think his brother, Egerton, exhorted after the sermon. This was the first, last and only time I ever saw the inside of the old framed meeting-house. Before another Sabbath I was gone. This unpretensious building, the birth place of many souls, beloved and cherished by many hearts, was destined to be superseded by a more commodious and permanent church edifice. This was the brick church erected on then Newgate street, much better adapted to the increasing number of Methodists, and the wants of the town. Before leaving the old White Meeting House, let me say, that in addition to those already named, they had enjoyed the ministrations of Jas. Richardson, Wm. Smith, Alex. Irvine, all men of mark. For several years previous to this they had enjoyed almost uninterrupted prosperity. From all I can learn, I think they were a united, happy people, zealous for God, and the good of community. The names of many of those, such as Dr. Morrison, J. R. Armstrong, W. P. Patrick, Matthew Walton, Thos. Vaux and Jesse Ketchum shall be held in everlasting remembrance.

The first Sunday School organized in this western capital was in the White Meeting-House in the winter of 1818-19 by the Rev. Thaddeus Osgood. It was chiefly sustained and conducted by Dr. Morrison, W. P. Patrick and Jesse Ketchum. Mr. K., though one of the most liberal contributors, was never an actual member of the church.

(To be Continued.)

Beecher's Sermons.

To the Editor of Saturday Night:

DEAR SIR—Accept the most sincere thanks of a subscriber to your paper, a former member of Plymouth church, for your publication of Mr. Beecher's sermon. As I was present the Sunday it was delivered, I can vouch for the accuracy of the report. Would it not prove interesting to your many readers to publish a series of this great man's sermons? For example those on Evolution. So few understand the view he took and your first publication is such an excellent leader. His noble thoughts cannot but help to lift many minds from misconception on the subject. Hoping my suggestion will meet with your approval, I am, cordially,

A SUBSCRIBER.

April 25th, 1888.

Definition of Manly Beauty.

To call a man charming in face, or lovely, or beautiful, or pretty, is to minimize—almost to call him a woman. A man can only be called handsome, and very, very few men can be called that.

A handsome man must be manly in figure, conveying the idea of strength and energy under the most reposeful exterior. He must have the shapely hands, feet and ears that tell of good blood and cultivated progenitors; he must have his head well shaped, well set and well carried; he must have a deep, broad chest and a straight back, and long shapely limbs; his features must be regularly formed, and yet full of expression, and the kingly power that great sculptors try to give to Jupiter.

Coloring does not much matter, so that there be no red upon the cheeks, and not too much in the lips, and, perhaps, the mezzo tints lend themselves most satisfactorily to manly beauty, but, above all, the handsome man must never be stout. The heavy throat which overflows the shirt collar never carries with it an air of refinement, whatever it may do of strength. A blonde man runs the risk of weakness and inability, and a black beard man is handsome, even though he be a trifle melodramatic, but still golden-haired and black-haired men have been very attractive the world over.

Of course below this grand climacteric in the thoroughly handsome man there are ranks after ranks of good looking, attractive, pleasant faced men—some upon whom one loves to look and find sweet content in contemplating faces and forms far from faultless, and yet quite satisfactory. And here we come upon one of the most strange and almost cruel conditions of our being. A man may or may not be handsome, he may or may not have any physical attractiveness whatever, but nobody likes him the less for the deficiency, he never finds it a barrier in his career, a source of failure in his life; women love him and men approve of him just as readily as if he is handsome; in fact, the woman or women who love him set him down as handsome in serene defiance of the rules of beauty or the opinion of the world.

On Divers Strings.

An Irish Idyl.

DESCRIPTIVE OF A HITHERTO UNTOLD YORKVILLE HORROR.

In Yorkville when the sun was low,
And hill and valley white with snow,
Pat Doyle declared that he would go
And call on Miss O'Rafferty.

So dressed up in his very best,
With Epsom coat and hairy vest,
He sought the fair one in her nest,
At the mansion of O'Rafferty.

Now Rafferty for many a year,
Had been an Irish exile here,
Although "at home" he was a peer—
Was Michael J. O'Rafferty.

A duke had robbed him of his land,
Had turned him out with rigorous hand,
Straightway his sudden death was planned,
By Number One and Rafferty.

But long before the chosen day,
In tyrants' chains in jail he lay,
"Treason-felony" the papers say,
But drunk was the O'Rafferty.

So Saxon law, and Saxon hate,
Combined produced his present state;
He was constrained to "agitate,"
Both for "the cause" and Rafferty.

He learnt "manœuvring" "jumping" trains,
Mastered "squad drill" in cleaning lanes,
Studied "entrenchments" digging drains,
So soldier-like was Rafferty.

He swore that he would never die,
Or look for happiness on high,
Until he'd black'd Great Britain's eye,
Implacable O'Rafferty.

Just now he studied how to mine
In blasting for a railway line;
"Och, nitro-glycerine, yer fine."
Cried the astute O'Rafferty.

"Wid you some day I'll strike a blow,
An' lay the Royal family low,
An' fill the House of Lords wid woe,
Or me name's not O'Rafferty.

So coming from his work at night
He'd always steal some dynamite,
In preparation for a fight,
To make a prince of Rafferty.

Every old pot and every pan,
Discarded plate and packers' can,
Were utilized by this stern man,
O'Dynamite O'Rafferty.

He labelled them as "musta rd," "spice,"
"Tomatoes," "peaches," "allspice," "rice,"
"Raspberry jam" and dainties nice,
This cunning, 'cute O'Rafferty.

The night that Doyle set out that way
Had closed a very busy day,
And Mike before the fire lay—
He slept—this dread O'Rafferty.

Doyle found his colleen far from shy,
With mischief twinkling in her eye;
She loved him, yes, that heart-drawn sigh
Exposed you, Miss O'Rafferty.

For several hours they sat and cooed,
Kissed with resonance somewhat rude;
That was a style of being wooed
Which tickled Miss O'Rafferty.

Doyle donned his coat and hat to go
Back to his home, through wind and snow;
"You must take something first, you know,"
Persisted Miss O'Rafferty.

"Paps has got some nice canned meats,
Some condiments and tempting sweets;
It's gentle food for lovers' treats,"
Said laughing Miss O'Rafferty.

Then to the pantry did she hie,
Into its secrets swiftly pry
And hail with many a joyous cry
The "canned goods" of O'Rafferty.

She broached a can marked "Oysters, New,"
And cried "It is a frozen stew";
"Upon me soul it smells like glue,"
Said Doyle to Miss O'Rafferty.

"We'll put it on the stove to heat,"
Said she, as she resumed her seat;
"I'm just in humor now to eat,"
Continued Miss O'Rafferty.

Oh Doyle, make haste, away, away,
Fly generous maid, oh, fly, I pray,
Else never will you look on day,
Awake! Awake! O'Rafferty!

Onward, onward, the minutes roll,
The stove is red as fiery coal,
Ah! why this fate of awful dole,
Alas! for the O'Rafferty.

A hoarse, a dismal, sullen roar,
A shrieking crash, which rent the floor,
Swept from existence evermore
Pat Doyle and the O'Rafferty.

Ah, Ireland, when your victory's won,
Remember this devoted son,
Think of the deeds he would have done
Had Heaven spared O'Rafferty.

True to his land, he ne'er betrayed,
Nor from the path of valor strayed,
Oh, never let his memory fade,
Invincible O'Rafferty.

T. A. GREGG.

Incompleteness.

Deep in the heart of every tender joy
A sorrow lies;
Speak blithely to the smiling face of Gain—
A loss replies;
Laugh out! the merry sounds so loud and brave
Conceal a moan;
Long for a host of dear and true, and lo!
Thou art alone;
Chase sadness off with courage high and strong,
And patience meet;
But dream not in this burdened life to find
One joy complete.

ELIZABETH BAKER ROHAN.

Here and There.

The hour of summer travel is near and the Episcopalian air is already vexed with petitions for wealthy sinners now traveling by water.

***

If the Department of Education only could be taught that passing examinations is not education a great point would be gained. Sowing the seed of disease in the rising generation by excessive night studies such as our children have to struggle with under the present system, is surely but a poor recompense for an ephemeral triumph on examination day. Many an anxious mother's heart would be lightened could the department see its way to reducing the present curriculum.

***

Saddlework is the rage just now, and the wonder is that more do not indulge in this delightful exercise. Surely nothing can be more charming or exhilarating than turning out at 5 a. m. and after a good honest "tubbing" cross the pigskin. After a short interval of quiet walking, one finds oneself cantering away on Bloor street west, amongst an *olla podrida* of ladies, lawyers, bank-clerks, civil service men, and good-looking representatives from commercial circles, all got up to kill at this early hour of the day. And a happy, merry go-as-you-please sort of crowd it is to be sure, as one and all race along pell-mell, taking all the jumps north of High Park as they come, or turning south cantering gently across the soft, springy turf, inhaling the glorious morning breeze along the lake shore until Mimico or home is reached.

***

To those who are confined by sedentary employment, nothing can be more beneficial than occasional saddlework. It imparts new life and vigor to the system, and doubles the capacity for sustained mental and physical labor. The members of the fair sex are enthusiastic in their love for it, and indeed the number of really good horsewomen in Toronto and the neighborhood would surprise the readers of SATURDAY NIGHT.

***

We yield to none in loyalty to our Sovereign Lady, who is indeed a most gracious Queen and Governour, yet we cannot help feeling that the Majesty of England has a feminine weakness for matchmaking. This amiable fad of Britain's Queen has found its latest expression in the support given publicly and privately to the wooing of Alexander of Battenberg.

***

Now, the Battenbergs have not fared badly at her hands. As a matter of fact, they have done uncommonly well. Prince Louis, of that ilk, nas a snug little berth in the royal navy. Some folks call it a "confounded sinecure," but the world is full of ill-natured people. Prince Henry, of the same name, has received a provident though somewhat censorious mother-in-law at her hands, and now there is Prince Alexander to be provided for. True, there is a lion in the path—the grim Iron Chancellor, who refuses to budge from the position he has assumed. But when Bismarck has had his say—although his proffered resignation is not accepted—it should not be forgotten that the *First Lady in Britain*, though often repulsed at the first onset, has a habit of gallantly returning to the charge and finally remaining victorious on the stricken field.

***

Should this match be consummated an amusing aspect will be given to the whole affair by the position of Prince Henry who will then become his own brother's uncle. Truly marriage has done wonderful things for the seedy Battenbergs.

***

The page of history has seldom presented a more pathetic picture than that of the dying Emperor of Germany, for dying he is, all reports to the contrary notwithstanding. Melancholy indeed is the spectacle of the once soldierly Unser Fritz patiently resigning himself to the ravages of a malignant and unconquerable disorder as he awaits with a dignified calm—that is inexpressibly touching—the final approach of the great destroyer.

***

A gallant soldier, though not a great general, his arm has been strong in the service of the Fatherland. It seems but as yesterday since that memorable day in '66, when the fateful hour of Sadowa saw Prussia's extremity ere Unser Fritz hurled his columns with irresistible force on the white-coated infantry of exulting Austria, and the aged Benedek gazed in proud despair on the drooping eagles of the humiliated House of Hapsburg. But the sword which is now rusting beneath the death dews of Charlottenburg was not sheathed forever by the Peace of Prague. It flashed once more, and with an added lustre, on many a crimson'd field in the Franco-German war, until sheathed forever in the Hall of Mirrors at Versailles, when those palace walls, redolent of *Le Grand Monarque* and the Maintenon, shook from battlement to base with the acclamations of the chivalry of Germany at the coronation of the first Emperor of a United Fatherland.

***

Association Hall was comfortably filled on Monday night with the respective adherents of Independence and Imperial Federation, who had assembled to hear these questions debated by the champions of the Conservative and Liberal Young Men's Clubs.

***

The debate was great fun. The ball was opened by Mr. H. H. Dewart, a slender young man clad in an irreproachable frock coat and an unembarrassed manner which considerably strengthened the various points scored in favor of Independence.

***

Imperial Federation was lauded by the next speaker. Mr. Nelson is an intense young man, with a wild and untrammeled eye. His capacity for getting the biggest amount of emphasis on the smallest words is simply immense. Mr. Nelson was very much in earnest, and Mr. Nelson was also unintentionally very funny, but always managed to keep on excellent terms with his audience which testified its approval in unstinted rounds of applause.

***

Then came the tug of war. Armed *cap-a-pie* in the armor of a righteous cause, that redoubtable knight, Sir Bryan Lynch de Poictiers, rushed into the lists, and the fun began. It waxed hotter and more furious, as with a lofty indifference that was genuinely Milesian, he spurned the subject of debate, salted down England's record in the past, currycombed every one in general and the enemies of Ireland in particular, and with a wild burst of Connemara eloquence, sat down in a perfect whirlwind of bathos and perspiration.

***

The second speaker for Imperial Federation, with that sunny smile which so well displays the dazzling whiteness of Mr. A. Munro Grier's incisors, stood up and held forth. Mr. A. Munro Grier's oratory is of the florid order of oral architecture. His voice is a mellow baritone, pleasant to the ear, and this, coupled with a ready flow of language and purity of diction, fairly captivated the audience, whose attention was held until the speaker's remarks were brought to a close by a glowing peroration, which was a masterpiece of oratorical effort.

***

Mr. Gregory proved an excellent foil to the last speaker and stood out in quiet contrast to the fervent oratory of the opposition side of the house. During Mr. Gregory's remarks the meeting was uncommonly tickled by the birth of a healthy young sneeze from the lungs of the Rev. Septimus Jones, who occupied one of the front seats in the synagogue. It nearly routed the press men who at first naturally enough mistook it for the "devil" yelling for "copy." Everybody else roared, the genial rector of the Redeemer joining heartily in the general hilarity.

***

The last champion of Federation, Mr. Johnston, a slim-waisted youth proved a perfect Lily of the Valley with a bad cold. He sparred with lightning agility around the previous speeches, and treated the Queen's English with arctic coolness. But although, like Silas Wegg, he did occasionally "drop into poetry," and allude to this world of ours as an "erty spear," he still managed to retain an effective Roland for the Oliver of the opposition.

***

The leaders briefly sized up their adversaries in the accents of charitable pity, and after passing a vote of thanks to the chairman, Mr. Chas. Moss, Q. C., the audience left for home with exactly the same opinions it had held prior to the debate.

Public Baths.

The City Council acted wisely in making a grant, the other day, for the securing of free music to the citizens during the coming summer. So far, so good. The aldermen will also do wisely in turning their attention to a want which should have been supplied long ago—namely, the providing of public baths in the city. A generous donation was made by Mr. Wiman some years ago, but, somehow, this trust, honestly discharged no doubt, has never accomplished the object it started out to achieve. The baths at the foot of Frederick street have failed from the time of their erection to attract lovers of natation. How could it be otherwise? The locality chosen was sufficient of itself to repulse cleanly folks, and thus—with the exception of the unspeakable small boy who is bound, regardless of the decencies, to bathe whenever and wherever he can, the Wiman baths have been a species of white elephant on the hands of the citizens. So much for the Frederick street baths.

It may be allowed without discussion that the baths at the Island have been fairly well patronised, but it must also be admitted that their isolated position prevents the majority of city men from taking such advantage of them as would be taken had the ten thousand dollars, donated by Mr. Wiman, been more judiciously materialized nearer home.

The good people at Association hall have wisely recognized this need for the establishment of public baths in our midst. This is very well as far as it goes. Unfortunately it does not go very far on account of the membership fee which is very properly charged by the directors, but which, however, comes a little too high for the average citizen.

We could more readily understand the seeming apathy of the City Council if there was any overwhelming probability of loss in the establishment of a public baths. But even this excuse is lacking. Corporations in the old country still exist which have undertaken such a work as this and carried the same to a successful conclusion.

At present the citizens of Toronto have to pay boat fares as well as the bath charges at the Island, with the additional drawback of time lost in passing to and fro between the city and the Island. So that bathing under the existing order of things simply means losing the best part of the morning or afternoon on the Island or submerging oneself in horror at the foot of Frederick street.

A Peculiar Sore Throat.

The manager of a New York theater was very much annoyed by the actors and actresses who frequently refused to appear in their roles on account of sore throat, much to his pecuniary disadvantage. One Saturday afternoon, when the entire company were on hand to draw their salaries, he paralyzed them by refusing to hand out any money.

"What is the reason you don't pay us our salaries?" howled the company.

"There don't appear to be anything the matter with your throats now," replied the manager; "but my throat is sore. I regret to announce that on account of my sore throat I will not be able to appear this week in my popular role of the prompt paymaster."

H. C. Miner's spectacular production Zitka, a romantic Russian play by William Carleton, held the boards of the Toronto Opera House during the whole of the week.

*

There is nothing intricate in the plot of this play. Zitka Marzoff, the daughter of a court doctor, is the unconsenting victim of the *extreme* attentions of three high born officers of the Imperial Guard. Her case is appealed to the Czar, who condemns the worthy trio to Siberia, their estates are confiscated, and by the imperial decree revert to the unfortunate Zitka. Pierre Petrosky as the principal in the heinous offence is compelled to marry his victim, and immediately after the ceremony is exiled to Siberia. The unfortunate Zitka succeeds in saving the Czar's life from the Nihilists, secures her husband's pardon, and reaches Siberia in time to nurse Petrosky, her husband, through a malignant fever. Unrecognized by him she wins his gratitude and love as the gentle nurse who saves his life, and after several highly dramatic scenes where mysterious and acrobatic Nihilists hop into Petrosky's sick room by way of the chimney and other circuitous routes, everything ends happily in the happy union of the husband and wife, and the restoration to freedom of the three amorous guardsmen.

*

Miss May Wheeler as the heroine, Zitka Marsoff, was charmingly natural and held the sympathies of the audience from first to last. Miss Ruth Harcourt, the sister of Petrof the guardsman, played her part effectively, and the Countess Petrosky sustained little damage at the hands of Miss Eunice Dewey. Mr. Miron Leffingwell, as Pierre Petrosky, displayed a good deal of vim, marred occasionally, however, by an inclination to rant. Mr. Leffingwell would not be doing unwisely did he discard the miniature gravestone which somewhat mars the fair outline of the little finger of his sinister hand. Mr. John J. Duff was bright and pleasing in his representation of Petrof, and when his speech is sent out by slow freight instead of lightning express will make a very presentable actor. In a character of which nothing is required, Mr. Frank Rolleston's expressive features beat the wide wide world. His delineation of Vladimir, the third recreant destroyer of female happiness, was very happy in its unconscious humor. As a Rhode Island Czar Mr. T.J. Commerford put in some pretty and effective work, although his pronunciation and bearing smack somewhat of an ex-policeman of the 5th precinct. The balance of the cast was fairly up to the average, Mr. Chas. Bulkley in particular giving a very creditable interpretation of the part assigned to him as Dr. Marzoff, the father of the heroine Zitka.

*

Of all the verse writers of the present day, none have appealed more touchingly or successfully to the hearth and the home than Will Carleton, the author of Over the Hill to the Poor House, Betsy and I are Out, and those numerous poems whose pathos has sunk deeply into the hearts of the thousands who have read them, and who have loved the author for the sake of the work he has done. Every one should hear Will Carleton lecture in Association hall on Friday, May 11, and matinee on the 12th. The plan of hall opens at Nordheimer's on Monday morning.

*

The Grand Opera House after a week of closed doors will re-open on Tuesday night with Thatcher, Primrose and West's minstrels, who come to Toronto with the best of credentials as to their ability to delight any audience before whom they may play. Their entertainment, says the Boston *Herald*, "is one of the cleanest and best that has been seen here, and the immense audience showed its appreciation by encoring nearly every number on the varied programme." This is just about what we want in Toronto, and we shall be considerably surprised if "standing room only" is not the word at the Grand on the 8th and 9th inst.

*

At Jacobs & Shaw's Opera House, the dramas of Black Hawks and The Wild Violet are billed for the coming week. A feature of the entertainment will be Arizona Joe and his wonderful acting horses and dogs, in the play of Black Hawks.

STAGE GOSSIP.

A Chicago critic says: "Notice of the performance is deferred until the company learns how to act." If this cautiousness were carried out in a more general way hope thus deferred would make the heart sick in many instances.

The stage is not a drawing-room. You cannot address 1,500 people in a theater as you would address a few companions at the fireside. If the tone is not raised you will not be heard, and if you do not articulate the public will be unable to follow you. Many a player has won for himself the reputation of a natural actor by affecting the conversational tone. He scarcely pronounces one word louder than another. He lets the ends of his phrases sink, hesitates, abridges, pretends to be at a loss for words, repeats his words two or three times over, drawls along for ten minutes and then hurries his delivery in order to arrive at the effect. And as the public is like Panurge's sheep, even when it happens not to understand, it exclaims: "Dear me! how very natural! He seems as if he were talking with his feet on his fender by his own fireside. What an actor! I did not hear what he said—did you?—but how very naturally he said it!"

Rose Eytinge tells the following experience of a quiet neighborhood: While I was playing Kate Peyton in Augustin Daly's dramatic version of Griffith Gaunt, I moved into a quiet and rather straight-laced neighborhood, and I was given to understand that there had been not a little fluttering in the adjoining dovecotes at the advent of a "profane stage player" among them. I found, however, nothing to complain of; my neighbors were kind and pleasant, and disposed to be sociable, though one who was nearest did not call upon me. This particular neighbor was the wife of a Presbyterian clergyman, who was said to be very "blue."

When I had been in my new home a few weeks, early one Sunday morning the bell rang, and on my threshold stood a tidy maid holding a great tray, on which reposed in state a new-baked loaf of home-made bread, and another of cake, on whose snowy surface blushed pink moss rose buds, forming the letters of my name. Appended was a card bearing in more prosaic characters the name of my Presbyterian neighbor, begging my permission to pay her somewhat tardy visit on the morrow.

It transpired some time afterward that the day before sending this gift she had—sorely against her will and convictions—been persuaded to attend the matinee; and somehow she had confused me in her mind with the sweet creature whose woes and virtues I had enacted. Hence this pretty offering and pleasant overture.

Of course I sent an acceptance and invitation, and she came. That call was the beginning of a friendship which has endured through many years, and that I believe and hope will end only with my life.

The process of preparing a French ballet girl for her *debut* has been divulged by a lady who is a professor of the art of kalsomining, as it may be termed. The danseuse, who is about to *faire son mastic*, sits before her looking-glass, and over face, arms, neck, shoulders, and bosom she spreads a coat of liquid white, which dries and forms a sort of varnish. This first coat she greases with a little cold cream, and perfumes it with a dash of *poudre de riz*. Then she touches up her cheeks with vermillion, heightens the red of her lips with carmine, magnifies the contour of the eyes with kohl, paints her eyebrows with Indian ink, picks out all few veins, and the mastic is complete. This operation requires at least half-an-hour. Next the dancer draws on her tights, and next she dons her underskirt; then follows the corsage, the five or ten gauze skirts or whatever more or less succinct costume may be worn, and finally the bracelets, earrings and miscellaneous jewelry which these young ladies will insist on wearing. Thus equipped she bounces on to the stage, smiling, fresh and gay, and flitting with easy grace through her *pas*, applauded by the admiring audience. But the moment that her back is turned to the public the smile vanishes, her face becomes serious, her features are grimacing and drawn with fatigue, and as she passes us we see that she is panting for breath and bathed in perspiration. And by the time she has finished dancing she will be so worn out that she will scarcely have strength enough left to crawl upstairs to her dressing-room, where she will need to be rubbed down and tended like an overtaxed race horse. This is the reality, the reverse of the medal.

*

There is a rather extensive idea among worrying parents and the clergy that the young men whose thoughts run legward are entitled to visit the ladies of the stage behind the scenes, holding high—or rather low—revel with them there, making the welkin ring, selling their souls for a cigarette, and letting all hope of salvation slip from under them in a wild whirl of illegitimate delight. But the parents and the clergy have been misled. They should try some time to pass by the sad-eyed old gentleman who is ending up a brilliant dramatic career by holding guard over a stage-door. After several months of endeavor in this direction they will gradually decide that their little boy John is safe from the immoral atmosphere of the wings, and will learn that his share of the girl on the extreme left is taken from an orchestra-chair and the cold, hard curbstone. There are persistent dudes in New York just as well as plain dudes, but the most intensely ambitious among them never received any more encouragement to enter some one's dressing-room than to be ordered off the sidewalk by a policeman at the request of the manager of the theater. A little while ago Mr. Aronson was compelled to place a policeman at the stage-door of the Casino to prevent it from becoming clogged with masculine bangs and a thick Piccadilly accent. The policeman had a very easy victory of it. He twirled his club once, coughed gently, and the bangs and the accent swerved into Broadway, got caught by the current of a south-east wind, and disappeared in the direction of Central Park. The feminine part of comic opera is undoubtedly much more reposeful to-day than it was several years ago. Mr. Aronson is aware of the fact that the girls have lost greatly in vivacity, and cultivate dreaminess almost to the verge of somnolence. It is simply a change of style, and seems to be quite as popular with the public as the former accelerated sparkle. It commands, also, even a higher salary. The statuesque and the magnificent replaces *chic* and *abandon*. Instead of cunning kicks and shrugs we are given the lazy wafting of a fan. But the *tout ensemble* of opera has greatly improved in opalescent beauty. The pale tints in costume and scene have been brought to a state of perfection. There is much more glitter and artistiness in the insensible adjuncts of the stage, and the women are losing in nothing save mobility. The same old gentlemen who will sit in the corner of the club and grieve over the vanished sprightliness of this or that queen who ruled them when their hair was on, are to be found close at hand on the first nights of the lazier divinities. The florists sell them just as many roses as they ever did, and probably if the whole question could be refined down to a practical demonstration, the discovery would be made that comic opera goes to-day with all the success of bygone years with the added lustre and taste of the present time setting a finer light upon its well-managed proportions.

He—By yonder stars I swear to you, that if you prefer him to me I will kill him first, then you and finally myself!

She—If you do not insist upon the order in which you kill us all I should prefer it reversed.

A. D. Patterson, R.C.A.

DRAWN BY WM. CRUIKSHANK.

Mr. Patterson began the study of art in 1876, and went to England to attend the South Kensington school, at that time under the direction of E. J. Poynter, R.A. In 1881 he returned to Toronto and entered upon the practice of portraiture, in which branch of the profession he has been actively employed. His sitters are frequently men of public note, and in this class may be mentioned, the portraits of Sheriff Jarvis in official costume; Rev. Dr. McCaul and Prof. Croft—at the University; ex-Mayors Beaty, McMurrich and Howell—at the City Hall. In 1886 Mr. Patterson received sittings from Sir John Macdonald, which is the only occasion on which the premier has sat for a portrait in oil. The well-known figure of Col. Gzowski is his latest work, and is a fine example of dignified posing and skilful coloring in portraiture.

*

There will doubtless be a large audience at the Granite rink on Monday evening, to meet the Governor General, on the occasion of his opening the exhibition of the Academy. At nine o'clock, after the dinner party at Government House, the Governor General and Lady Lansdowne will drive to the rink, where they will be received by the committee. First, the president will read the annual report of the Academy. This will be followed by the reading and presentation to his Excellency of a finely illuminated address on behalf of the Academy. Mr. Mowat will speak on behalf of the Province, after which Lord Lansdowne will deliver his opening address. The doors of the rink will be open to ticket holders at 8.30.

*

The Art Fair will open on May 16th, and judging from the attractions promised, will be a rare sight. By the side of the Cottage containing the shop with a variety of wares, presided over by Mrs. Vernon and Mrs. Fitzgibbon, will be the Garden of Posies where Miss Campbell will preside. There will be a Books Snoppe with Mrs. Dickson in charge, a stall for china, pottery and bric-a-brac presided over by Mrs. MacMahon. In the Coffee and Concert room at the sign of the Cat and Fiddle, will be found Mrs. Baines, Mrs. Bankes, Mrs. Douglas Armour, Mrs. Torrance and other ladies. The Hostelrie—"The Star and Garter"—is in charge of Mrs. Jas. Strachan, Mrs. McMurray, Mrs. Hoskin, Mrs. Williamson, Mrs. Farrer, Miss Mutlebury and other ladies. Then again there is the Children's Chepe or Pleasaunce of Lytel Folk—sign of Puss in Boots—and the Chepe of Fyne Stoffes, presided over by Miss McGill. The Maypole on the Green will be revived, with the minuet, the strolling player and the costumes of the days of Queen Bess, or thereabout.

*

I learn that four pieces by Mr. Paul Peel will be exhibited. One of these is a copy of the picture bought by the Princess of Wales, which I mentioned in this column some time ago. They will be a welcome addition to the exhibition.

*

Mr. Bridgman, formerly of this city, has a picture in the Paris Salon, I notice, which is attracting considerable attention. It is entitled, Interior of a Villa in Algeria. VAN.

Pleasant Memories of the Past.

It is pleasant to think of the past. It is a luxury to lean back in the big easy-chair and recall old scenes, old faces, old passages of love and friendship, from the monumental halls of long ago, as the stereoscopic magic of memory casts upon the screen of the present the images of the past.

Youth returns to us. There is the very spot where we said something—no matter what—to somebody—no matter who—in the sweet summer time of the year—no matter when. The delicate cheek has not lost a particle of its blush-rose tinge, the lips are round and ruddy as when we kissed them several lustres ago, and the little white ear into which we whispered burning words is as like a blanched almond as it was then. There, too, is the same crimson-curtained sunset, pinned against the sloping wall of heaven with silver stars, that we looked upon together at the well-remembered trysting. And there are the cedars in the dusklier east, cut sharp against the sky, and the spire that overtopped them, within whose shadow the mortal part of one too good for earth now lies a-mouldering.

The panorama glides on. As the picture unrolls we see ourselves as others saw us. Alas! why was not the gift vouchsafed to us when the reality was in progress?

What Was Said of Him.

Of Jones, the miser, it was said,
When Death cut his life's thread,
He never tired of doing good,
For good he never did.

Ha! Ha!

Minnie—Papa, what is Volapuk?
Papa—Why, it's the universal language.
Minnie—But who speaks it?
Papa—Nobody.

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WIDOWER JONES.

A Faithful History of His "Loss" and Adventures in Search of a "Companion."

BY EDMUND E. SHEPPARD,

Author of "Furnin' Editor's Sketches," "Dolly," "A Bad Man's Sweetheart," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

"'TWAS NOT A MORTAL WOUND."

Rufe, mingling his curses of Ben with his wailing over poor Ruthie, trudged wearily homeward. He walked feebly and his steps were slow, as if he were anxious to delay as long as possible. He could see the light in the kitchen window, and, full of dread lest Ruth might be still sitting up for him, was half inclined to sleep in the barn rather than meet her sad face. "But she'll sit up all night waitin' for me," he muttered to himself, and this decided him to enter. The lamp on the table had been turned low, and in the dim light of the kitchen he could see Ruth wrapped in a shawl asleep on the lounge, her wealth of fluffy hair falling over her shoulders and the shapely arms thrown around her head as if she had fallen asleep in the midst of weariness and disquiet. Her face was pale, and poor Rufe's heart bled afresh as he thought of his share in the cause. She was sleeping soundly and had not heard him enter, so, quietly slipping off his boots, he seated himself by the table, and, with his chin resting on his hand, he watched her. How beautiful she was! He had hardly left you taking her in his arms, as he had when she was a little girl and needed comforting. Communing softly with himself, he whispered her name, "Ruthie," as had been his wont before he had felt it necessary to frown and swear and act "manly." Who was so lovely as his Ruthie? Yet Ben had rejected her for Hope Campton! Truly Hope, too, was beautiful, but not like Ruthie. How lucky Ben was to have two such women to choose from while he, Rufus Gilbert, would have given up any claim to heaven if he could but win the love of a woman half as good, half as fair as his sister.

Ruth gave a little shiver and pulled the shawl more closely about her, but did not open her eyes.

Rufe was afraid if he did not awaken her she might catch cold, and yet he feared to speak, lest, looking into her truthful eyes, he might be forced to tell her the story of Ben. How beautiful she looked, how sweet, how innocent, but oh, how sad! How could anyone help loving his beautiful, peerless sister, who had been so full of mirth and careless laughter until now?

"Ruth," he called, gently.

"What is it, Rufe?" she answered, without moving, as if she had not been asleep.

"Go to bed, child, er ye'll catch yer death a' cold."

"I don't care," she answered, with another little shiver, pulling her shawl closer around her.

"But I do, Ruth; I hain't got nobody but you an' I never will have. I always want teh keep yeh with me. We'll allus live together, won't we, Ruth?"

The tremor in his voice, the utter weariness and dejection of his attitude appealed to her.

"What is the matter, Rufe? Where have you been?"

"Nowhere in pertic'lar; but teh see yeh lyin' there as if yeh'd gone to sleep cryin' seems a mur'ble reproach teh me fer th' way I've acted."

"Why, you're a fool, Rufe; I have nobody to blame but myself."

"You hain't teh blame, Ruth; it's me—me an' Ben Jones; curse him, I wish he'd never come back."

Ruth pushed her hair back from her face, and sitting up, looked quietly at him for a moment.

"Come here, Rufe."

Her brother avoided her glance as he dropped heavily in the chair beside the lounge.

"Did you see Ben to-night?" she asked.

"Rufe looked down at his uneasy hands, and then stammered, "Yes, fer a minnik."

"You promised me what I told you—not to say a word to him about me."

"Yes, of course I did."

"Did what?"

"Remembered, of course."

"Rufe, you are not telling me the truth."

"Yes, I be," he answered doggedly.

"You are not; tell me what you said!"

Rufe looked at her without answering, his black eyes brilliant and feverish.

"Tell me what you said, Rufe!"

"I told him he had made a fool of me—an' you."

Ruth's face reddened and her lips closed tightly together. Anxious to find out exactly what her brother had done she assumed an indifferent air and persisted in her demand to hear everything that had passed between Ben and her brother. After a little more urging, Rufe divulged everything until Ruth, unable to restrain herself any longer, buried herself the lounge crying, "Oh, Rufe, Rufe; what made you; how dare you ask him to marry me? How he will despise me; he'll think I sent you."

"No he won't, nuther," cried Rufe, bending over the lounge and wildly endeavoring to soothe his sobbing sister, "I told him I jist did it myself because I'd got yeh inteh a scrape an' wanted teh git yeh out."

"That won't make any difference, Rufe; he'll think I sent you; he'll hate me forever. Oh, I had rather died than have had you do what you've done."

"I won't make any diff'rence, Ruth," stammered Rufe incoherently, "fer he's goin' teh marry Hope Campton, anyhow. He told me so."

"What! cried Ruth sharply; "he's going to marry Hope?"

"Yes, that's what he said—right off."

Ruth buried her face in her pillow.

"Don't cry, Ruthie—I did it fer th' best, an' all I said didn't make no diff'rence teh you nuther one way nor th' other. I'm sorry if he'll think yeh sent me, but he's goin' teh marry Hope an' take her away, an' we won't see him no more, an' then you an' me kin live jist as we hev'."

Rufe had caught his sister's white, motionless hand, and was fondling and petting it as one would the bruised hand of a child. "I'll all'us be good teh yeh, an' I sha'n't never leave yeh, Ruthie. Don't say 'twas me did it! He ain't worth cryin' about. Ye'll be better off 'ith me, Ruthie. Nobody'll ever love yeh more I do; nobody 'll ever be sch kind teh yeh as I will, an' I sha'n't never go to th' tavern no more nor do nuthin', unless yeh say I kin. I'll promise yeh anythin', Ruthie," he cried, almost hysterically, "if yeh'll only not blame me, if yeh'll only jist look at me agin an' try an' be yerself. Please do, Ruth. Fer God's sake look at me an' say yeh forgive me fer bein' sich a fool."

Ruth slowly rose from the lounge, brushed the tears from her eyes, and placing her hands on her brother's head, she whispered, "Let's never say another word about it Rufe. Don't think I blame you; it's all over now. Come, brother, go to bed now."

Rufe staggered to his feet, and they stood looking at one another.

"Poor old Rufe," she said. "I believe you feel worse about it than I do. We've both acted like a pair of simpletons. All I want now is a chance to show Ben Jones that I am not crying my eyes out about him. I am old enough to know better," said she, with a laugh, "and now it's all over, and I know the worst, I can promise you I won't go moping about the house like a love-sick girl any more; I'm cured."

"D' yeh mean that?" cried Rufe, joyfully. "I'd rather lose my farm, and hev teh work fer yeh cuttin' cord wood than see yeh feelin' bad."

"Oh, Rufe," she answered, tenderly, "I know how you love me, and I'll never reproach you again. Poor old fellow."

"Then yeh don't really care," cried Rufe, his melancholy face lightning up.

"I do and I don't," she answered, reflectively. "I liked Ben, but it didn't have time to become deep-seated. I was mortified by the way Deacon Jones acted and what he said before Ben. But you needn't think I'm going to be miserable for any man who doesn't care for me. I'm getting old maidish and want to get married, I suppose," and she gave a deso ate little laugh, but seeing the gloom deepening in her brother's face she put her arm around his neck and kissed him, the first time she had ever given him such a caress.

"Good night. When we get up in the morning I will begin life over again with Ben Jones left out. I haven't been thinking of him long enough to miss him much, so don't trouble your dear old soul with it any more."

With a parting look of admiration and tender solicitude Rufe picked his cap from the floor and with a clumsy "Good-night," went to his room.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE TRIAL OF UNCLE ABE GAYLOR.

Sunday morning. Like a white mantle of Christian charity the heavy snowfall of night before had covered the uneven and ugly places of Applebury, and as the sun rose the air was brilliant with a cold and wintry whiteness which some pseudonious teachers might have us believe more beautiful in life—as in the seasons—than the tropical pic ures where warmth and exuberant vegetation sometimes conceal miasma and death. Over the people of Applebury no change had come, nor was their love of scandal hidden, or their hypocrisy made to see some one suffer shame, covered by the garment of white that all Nature had put on.

It was the day of the "church meetin'" which had been called at the instance of Deacon Jones to try Uncle Abe Gaylor for drunkenness, profanity and such conduct as injured the "cause of religion and scandalized the congregation" which assembled at the red meeting-house on the Ninth. In all the homes round about Applebury there were unusual preparations for attending church. There were no sluggards who excused their habitual absence by their weariness, and even the backslides who had reason to fear church trials in their own cases were anxious to see the outcome of the charges against Uncle Abe.

Half an hour before church time the red meeting-house was crowded to the doors and when Deacon Jones walked in with his new wife, shaking hands with everyone about him and trying to be genial and friendly, the partisans of Uncle Abe indulged in well-defined expressions of scorn, the young folks tittered, nudged one another, tittered again and made many audible and unflattering comments.

The young men grouped around the stove by which Deacon Jones passed to warm his hands and survey the situation, manifested their dislike of the old man by inquiring of one another which they thought was the oldest—"th' Deacon or his new missus"—the young fellow going so far as to exclaim to his neighbors, "She's older'n I expected; I heerd she was only twelve."

Hulda's black eyes snapped angrily and her thin lips grew thinner still as she contracted them tightly over her teeth. One graybeard youth looked boldly into her face while he ejected a gill of tobacco juice, aimed at a red-hot spot on the stove. This fine piece of humor excited the mirth of all the bystanders and the Deacon moved hurriedly forward to find his accustomed place filled, forcing him to seat his wife on a chair beside the pulpit, while he himself had to sit on the steps. His lowly position, almost at the feet of his wife, caused another titter, and bitterness began to flood his soul while inward anger reddened his face. The minister in charge of the district was assisted by the Rev. Mr. Spring, and as he read the thirteenth of Corinthians, regarding the excellence of charity "which suffereth long and is kind, and vaunteth not itself, and is not puffed up, which doth not behave itself unseemly, thinketh no evil, rejoiceth not in iniquity but rejoiceth in the truth, beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things and endureth all things," it somehow struck him that Brother Spring had been poisoning the mind of his superior and that this scripture had been chosen to indicate that he, Deacon Adoniram Jones, who so long filled the pulpit on the steps of which he was now forced to sit, had shown a lack of charity in bringing a charge against Brother Abraham Gaylor. The sting of this thought was increased by the sneering faces and impertinent glances directed at him and his wife. There, too, sat Ben, with Besale and Hope and Israel—how he wished they had stayed away. Much as he was tormented by his own thoughts he could not but notice the change in Ben's countenance. His self-confident air, the accusing look and the baleful smile were all gone; there was a sadness in his face, a tenderness in his manner, that told how he had seen Ben in that church it was on the day of the funeral, and the end of his wife's coffin had rested on the very chair now so amply filled by the frowning Harriet. With his elbow resting on his knee and his chin on his hand, the Deacon stared vacantly at the seat in which "Mariar" had sat for so many years, and her face seemed to come back to him and her voice whispered in his ear with that meek warning which once in a while in life she had dared to offer: "Wouldn't it be better not teh, Adoniram? yeh may git inteh trouble," and as if it were afar off he could hear the preacher's voice as he read, "For now we see through a glass darkly, but then face to face. Now I know in part; but then I shall know even also I am known. And now abideth faith, hope, charity; these three, but the greatest of these is charity."

The reading was over, and he rose mechanically as they stood up to sing:

"Safely through another week,
God has brought us on our way,
Let us now a blessing seek,
Waiting in his courts to-day;
Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest."

He looked over at Ben and met an answering glance with tears in it shining through tears. The same thought visited them both—the memory of that morning in the summer when Ben stood by the window and heard his mother's gentle voice singing that same air:

"While we seek supplies of grace,
Through our dear Redeemer's name,
Show Thy reconciled face—
Take away our sin and shame."

It was strange to see the Deacon silent while others were singing, and stranger still they sang the refrain, to see the tears stealing down his face and his burdened posture, as with hands clasped behind him, he seemed to stare at the audience without seeing.

It was their habit to stand in prayer, and while the preacher sought divine guidance and implored help in the task before them, the Deacon still stood motionless, voiceless when the "amens" came up from the faithful, heedless of everything but the face in the pew—"Mariar," with her shabby bonnet, her heavy coarse shawl, hollow cheeks, pinched features and sad eyes. And Ben, how different he seemed! He was a little boy again, leaning against his mother's knee looking up at her!

Harriet noticed her husband's strange look, and saw fit to nudge him lest he might attract attention. It startled and irritated the Deacon, and he moved away from her as if to avoid her touch. He hated her.

The Deacon sat down at the end of the prayer much troubled, and through the preaching he did not grow happier as he wondered what had induced him to lay charges against Abe Gaylor. All at once he recognized that the whole neighborhood favored Uncle Abe and disliked his accuser. The eyes which had just now in spirit seen the dead wife were sharpened to a keener vision, and he began to know himself and see himself from a less flattering standpoint than his egotism had hitherto provided. When all except members of the church were asked to retire, he could hear amidst the noise and bustle of those who were leaving whispered comments on his personal appearance and his meanness in bringing Uncle Abe before the church. Everyone who could reasonable claim membership or who could make the excuse that they were waiting for some one who was a member, lingered in the church, which was still well filled when the outsiders had retired. The preacher read the charges, concluding by asking if the one who had made the complaints had used all proper means to reclaim the brother who was alleged to have gone astray, and exhorted the one complained against to confess his fault if he were guilty and save the church from the scandal of a trial and himself the humiliation which was sure to result from an inquiry.

Uncle Abe, who had been nervously moving around in his seat and fidgetting with his cap during the whole service, thought the last expression was aimed at him and sprang to his feet.

"I plead not guilty," he cried excitedly, "teh everything 'cept gittin' full when I was up on th' jury last spring an' teh swear 'twas th' Deacon Jones when he was showin' hisself off teh be no man an' runnin' on women who hadn't nobody teh stand up for 'em—"

The minister called Uncle Abe's attention to the fact that he was premature, but he was too excited to be called down on a point of order.

"Now parson," he began, "I want fair play, that's all I want—"

"Be good enough to sit down, Brother Gaylor," retorted the preacher sharply.

"I hain't goin' teh be sot on by nobody," snapped Uncle Abe, who, during the ten days which had elapsed since the Deacon's threat, had fully made up his mind that he was going to be expelled from the church, and would make it as di agreeable for everybody concerned as he knew how. He was a good man at heart and religion had done much for him, but in his disgust at the Deacon's hypocrisy, as many another man had done before, he was prone to blame the church rather than the individual for the weakness and meanness of a brother. Abe was glaring savagely at the minister, and the minister, at a loss what to do, was gazing sternly at Uncle Abe, when a voice from the pulpit steps interrupted them. It was the voice of Deacon Jones, but how changed from the confident ring and exuberant tone which had so often re-echoed through the red meeting-house.

"Brother Summers," said he, "this thing needn't go no furder. I want teh take back them charges." The Deacon spoke feebly, and his strangely pathetic tone startled everyone, most of all black-eyed Harriet, who looked indignant and scornfully at her husband, thoroughly despising him for in effect making what she had never made—an admission of wrong doing.

The minister, seeing that things were about to assume a different shape, wisely declared Brother Jones to be in order, and permitted him to speak, and Uncle Abe, though he rused to sit down, waited to hear what the Deacon had to say.

"Brethren an' sisters," said the Deacon slowly, still gazing at the pew where "Mariar" used to sit, "I've did wrong. I hadn't no bis'ness teh lay no charges agin' Brother Gaylor. I hev been thinkin' it over sence I did it, and I find I hain't seh good myself thet I kin cast stones at a brother. I hev been weak an' foolish; I hev said things I hadn't oughter hev said and hev did things that I hadn't oughter hev done. It seems as if th' Speerit had jist teched me an' opened my eyes teh show me how wicked I am. I'm afraid," faltered the Deacon, in a burst of sincere repentance, "thet I hain't fit fer th' kingdom, if anybody has been drivin' harm teh th' cause, as I said there in my charge agin Brother Gaylor, I guess it must be me. I don't want teh say nuthin' agin nobody. Whatever I did, er said teh wound th' feelin' of th' brethren er sisters, I take it back an' say I'm sorry fer it. An' brethren"—the tears streamed down the old man's face and his voice was broken and husky—"I ast yeh teh forgive me; I ast them as I hev spoke agin an' treated wrong jist as they ast yeh agin' me, so's when we kin come afore th' great white throne on jedgment day there won't be nobody teh stand up an' say thet we hev hurted them an' wrong them an' said he was sorry. I am sorry, brethren an' sisters, an' feel thet while I hev been preachin' teh yeh thet I hain't yit put off th' 'weak an' beggarly elements of th' world.' Again I ast them an' Brother Gaylor teh forgive me my trespasses in th' same speerit thet they hope God 'll forgive them their trespasses."

The Deacon sat down; the congregation was silent. Never since Adoniram Jones had settled in Applebury had he stood so high in the estimation of the people as he did then.

Thoroughly surprised and overcome by the Deacon's appeal Uncle Abe stammered out a few disjointed sentences confessing that he had done wrong and asking the forgiveness of the congregation and his Maker. The preacher in the pulpit felt that nothing more need be said, and dropping reverently on his knees whispered devoutly, "Let us pray." It had been the habit to stand in prayer in the old, red meeting-house, but everyone knew that the spirit of forgiveness and the appeal for grace seemed to be answered, for as they rose to leave but few eyes were dry, few hearts were there but had gone up in prayer for forgiveness of the sin of uncharity, and but few went homeward without the resolve that their unworthy lives should be made to conform more to the spirit of the Master.

There was one who did not appreciate the Deacon's confession of his faults. His wife Harriet, as they got into the cutter together, snarled in a half-whisper, "Well, you *have* made a fool of yerself!"

He straightened himself up and looked her steadily in the eye for a moment before he answered.

"Yes, Harriet, I guess I hev—in marryin' you."

FAREWELL.

The wedding was over and Ben Jones and his wife were saying good-bye to Lou and Hiram and Hulda and Calvin and Bess and Israel. Fortunately for poor Israel the train rushed up to the platform as he bade adieu to Ben who shoved a big envelope into his hand.

"That's the deed of the farm for you and Besale; you can give her her name when she marries Frank Gaylor. Now, don't say 'thank you,' or anything," added Ben cheerily, as Israel's dull eyes filled with tears.

"Good-bye, Israel; God bless you," whispered Hope.

The train started and Israel hurried away, Bessie following close by his side.

"What's your hurry, Israel?" she asked.

"Nuthin' Bess, nuthin'; if I try teh say another word I'll beller."

THE END.

Why Buffalo Bill Was Thrown.

"I have lived among the cowboys for many years," said Mr. Gosnold of Laredo, Texas, who has lived on the frontier since 1853, "and I think I know them thoroughly. I find that a generl impression prevails throughout the country that they are phenomenal horsemen and miraculous shots. Neither of these opinions is correct, although all have foundation in fact. First, as to their horsemanship, as far as sticking on and understanding what can be done with the saddle goes, they are certainly second to no riders in the world For a Texas cowboy to pick up a hat or silver dollar from the ground when at full speed, to mount his horse at the gallop, or to stop him in full career and turn him on a saddle blanket are every day feats. The best of the riders can stand on the saddle of a galloping horse, or pick up a coin lying on the ground on the left side of the horse with the right hand, a most difficult feat, and one and all can ride bucking horses. But here their horsemanship ends, and beyond this they are worse than the veriest tyro, because the cowboys have faults from which the most ordinary park rider of the East is free.

"I will venture to say that if 1,000 Texans start on a long march where speed is necessary, side by side with a United States cavalry regiment, the latter will reach its destination long before the former and have its stock in serviceable condition, while the Texas horses will be fit only for the boneyard. Men understanding less about horses and less able to keep their mouths in good condition it would be hard to find. Accustomed to having a superabundance of horses, they never undertake either to train or spare them, and would break down the best horse in America in a week. Although their horses are small, a saddle weighing from thirty to forty pounds is used, the most of the weight being useless leather. When one bears in mind the old racing saying that the weight of a stable key will win or lose a race, the absurdity of this style of saddle is apparent.

"During the war the value of Texans as cavalrymen was well proved. They were greatly relied upon and much dreaded, but when they came home after a raid of a march of 200 or 300 miles, not one horse in five was in serviceable condition, and the entire force was worse than useless. Then they thought they knew everything about riding, and refused to receive instructions, it being impossible to make them into as good cavalrymen as the raw recruits received after a few months' training. It was practically impossible for a horse to throw them, but outside of this they were and are the most destructive and worst riders in the world.

"As to their shooting," continued Mr. Gosnold, "because every man used to carry a revolver and practice with it some people supposed they were fine shots. One thing they did understand, and that was quick shooting, they very seldom missing at close range, and possessed it. Pistol combats in Texas were nearly always of the shoulder to shoulder kind where speed was of far more importance than aim, and a Texan could fire a great number of shots in a given time. But when it came to marksmanship they were nowhere, and in an Eastern shooting gallery would begin to be able to hold their own. As rifle shots they are even worse, and would not hold any position at all.

He Felt All Over Bliss.

We were settin' kinder close like,
'N a cloud sh'd crost the moon,
'N my arm hit stole around her,
'N 'twus over mighty soon;
But 'twus better'n any apple pie
That ever mother kin bake,
'N 'twus sweeter'n any honey
What the busiest bee kin take;
'N I axed her if sh'd hev me,
While a thrillin' with that kiss,
Sh'd sold me to the devil, 'twus likely,
'N I felt all over bliss.

Then the moon hit shone out suddint
Es I tuk another bite,
'N scared us th' hull air full of light
She was shinin' jest on us.
But I didn't keer a pickle
Ef all the folks saw us,
'N of I was a-squeezin' her
I had a right to be.
Fur she set as close as shootin'
'N to-morrow's sun'll shine,
She's goin' to change her present name
'N tackle onto mine.

Her Hour of Triumph.

Dr. Meanwell—And how are you feeling today, Mrs. Moribund?

Mrs. Moribund—Poorly, Doctor, poorly. When I am gone, I hope you will look after the health of dear Moribund, poor fellow.

Dr. Meanwell—Oh, I wouldn't take so hopeless a view of the case. You will get better.

Mrs. Moribund—No, doctor; I will not feed upon false hopes. In fact, I don't wish to live. Mrs. Sickles has always tried to make out that her health was more seriously affected than mine. When she sees my painless form, and all those rows of empty medicine bottles on the closet shelves, she will have to acknowledge that I came out ahead.

A Conclusion.

MacGarrigle: They's wan o' two t'ings. Either Ol gets less beer, 'r ould Jerry gets moor hay, av th' shtyle av this cab's t' be kep' up!

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CHAPTER XI.

IN WHICH COMES A WIND WHICH BLOWS NOBODY GOOD.

Three weeks waited the wise one, keeping her eyes on the alert and her small brain busy, but preserving an owl-like silence upon the subject revolving in her mind. But at the end of that time she marched into the parlor one day, attired for a walk, and astonished them all by gravely announcing her intention of going to see Dolly.

"Why are you going for?" said Mrs. Phil.

"Rather sudden, isn't it?" commented Mollie.

"I'm going on business," returned Aimee, and she buttoned her glove and bade her departure, without enlightening them further.

Arriving at Brabazon Lodge, she found Miss MacDowlas out and Dolly sitting alone in the overgrown, handsome parlor, with a letter from Griffith in her hand and tears in her eyes.

Her visitor walked into the room, her round face wrinkling portentously, and kissed her with an air of affectionate severity.

"I don't know," she began, comprehending matters at a glance; "I am sure I don't know what I am to do with you all. You are in trouble, now."

"Take off your things," said Dolly, with a helpless little sob, "and—and then I will tell you all about it. You must stay and have tea with me. Miss MacDowlas is away, and I—am all alone, and—and, oh, Aimee!"

The hat and jacket were laid aside in two minutes, and Aimee came back to her and knelt down.

"Is there anything in your letter you do not want me to see?" she asked.

"No," answered Dolly, in despair, and tossed it into her lap.

It was by no means a new story, but this time the Fates seemed to have conspired against her more maliciously than usual. A few days before Grif had found himself terribly dashed in spirit, and under the influence of impulse had written to her. You or other times in one day he had heard accidental comments upon Gowan's attentions to her, and on his return home had found a letter that had appealed to her in a passionate, haste-blotted epistle.

He was not going to doubt her again, he said, and he was struggling to face the matter coolly, but he wanted to see her. It would be worse than useless to call upon her at the Lodge, and have an interview under the disapproving eyes of Miss MacDowlas, and so he had thought they might meet again by appointment, as they had done before by chance. And Dolly had acquiesced at once. But Fortune was against her. Just as she had been ready to leave the house, Ralph Gowan had made his appearance, and Miss MacDowlas had called her downstairs to entertain him.

"I would not have cared about telling," cried Dolly, in tears, "but I could not tell her, and so I had to stay, and—actually—sing—Aimee. Yes, sing detestable love-sick songs, while my own darling, whom I was dying to see, was waiting outside in the cold. And that was not the worst, either. He was just outside in the road, and when the servants lighted the gas he saw me through the window. I was sitting at the piano"—in a burst—"and Ralph Gowan was standing by me. And so he went home and wrote that," signifying with a sweep the letter Aimee held. "And everything is wrong again."

It was very plain that everything was wrong again. The epistle in question was an impetuous, impassioned effusion enough. He was furious against Gowan, and bitter against everybody else. She had cheated and slighted and trifled with him when he most needed her love and pity; but he would not blame her, he could not blame himself for being such an insane, presumptuous fool as to fancy that anything he had to offer could be worthy of any woman. What had he to offer, he cried, for half a dozen almost illegible pages, dashed and crossed, and all on fire with his bitterness and pain.

Having taken it from Aimee, and read it for the twentieth time, Dolly fairly wrung her hands over it.

"If we were only just together!" she cried. "If we on y just had the tiniest, shabbiest house in the world, and could be married and help each other! He doesn't mean to be unjust or unkind, you know, Aimee, he is much more wretched than I am if he knew how unhappy he has made me."

"Ah!" sighed Aimee. "He should think of that before he begins."

Then she regained possession of the letter, and smoothed out its creases as her hands, finishing by folding it carefully and returning it to its envelope, looking very grave all the time.

"Will you lend me this?" she said at last, holding the epistle up.

"What are you going to do with it?" asked Dolly, discomfortably.

"I am going to ask Griffith to read it again. I shall be sure to see him to-morrow night."

"Very well," answered Dolly; "but don't be too hard upon him, Aimee. He has a great deal to bear."

"I know that," said Aimee. "And sometimes he bears it very well; but just now he needs a little advice."

Troubled as she was, Dolly laughed at the staid expression on her small, discreet face, but even as she laughed she caught the child in her arms and kissed her.

"What should we do without you!" she exclaimed. "We need some one to keep us all straight, we Vagabonds; but it seems queer that such a small wiseacre as you should be our controlling power."

The mere sight of the small wiseacre had a comforting effect upon her. Her spirits began to rise, and she so far recovered herself as to be able to talk matters in the face more cheerfully. There was so much to talk about, and so many questions to ask, the truth was that it would have been impossible to remain dejected and uninterested. It was not until after tea, however, that Aimee brought her business upon the carpet. She had meant to wait before to introduce the subject during the earlier part of the evening; but when the tea-tray was removed, and they found themselves alone again, she settled down, and applied herself at once to the work before her.

"I have not told you yet what I came here for this afternoon," she said.

"You don't mean to intimate that you did not come to see me!" said Dolly.

"I came to you, of course," decidedly; "but I came to see you for a purpose. I came to talk to you about Mollie."

Dolly almost turned pale.

"Mollie!" she exclaimed. "What is the trouble about Mollie?"

"Something that puzzles me," was the answer. "Dolly, do you know anything about Gerald Chandos?"

"What!" said Dolly. "It is Gerald Chandos, is it? He is not a fit companion for her, I know that much."

And then she repeated word for word the conversation she had had with Ralph Gowan.

Having listened to the end Aimee shook her head.

"I like Mr. Gowan well enough," she said, "but he has been the cause of a great deal of trouble among us without meaning to be, and I am afraid it is not at an end yet."

They were both silent for a few moments after this, and then Dolly, looking up, spoke with a touch of reluctance.

"I dare say you can answer me a question I should like to ask you!" she said.

"If it is about Mollie, I think I can," Aimee replied.

"You have been with her so long," Dolly went on, two tiny lines showing themselves upon her forehead this time, "and you are so quick at seeing things, that I must know what there is to know. And yet it hardly seems fair to ask. Ralph Gowan goes to Bloomsbury Place often, does he not?"

"He goes very often, and he seems to care more for Mollie than any of the rest of us."

"Aimee," Dolly said next, "does—this is my question—does Mollie care for him?"

"Yes, she does," answered Aimee. "She cares for him so much that she is making herself miserable about him."

"Oh, dear!" cried Dolly. "What——"

Aimee interrupted her.

"And that is not the worst. The fact is, Dolly, I don't know what to make of her. If it was any one but Mollie, or if Mollie was a bit less innocent and childish, I should not be so much afraid; but sometimes she is angry with herself, and sometimes she is angry with him and sometimes she is both, and then I should not be surprised at her doing anything innocent and frantic. Poor child! It is my impression she has about half made up her mind to the desperate step of giving up the grand marriage. She said as much the other night, and I think that is why she encourages Mr. Chandos."

"Oh, dear," cried Dolly again. "And does she think he wants to marry her!"

"She knows he makes violent love to her, and she is not worldly wise enough to know that Lord Burleighs are out of date."

"Out of date!" said Dolly; "I doubt if they ever were in date. Men like Mr. Gerald Chandos would hesitate at marrying Venus from Bloomsbury Place."

"If it was Ralph Gowan," suggested Aimee.

"But Ralph Gowan isn't like Chandos," Dolly returned, astutely. "He is worth ten thousand of him. I wish he would fall in love with Mollie and marry her. Poor Mollie! Poor, pretty, heading little goose! What are we to do with her?"

"Mr. Gowan is very fond of her, in a way," said Aimee. "If he did not care a little for you."

"I wish he did not!" signed Dolly. "But it serves me right," with candor. "He would never have thought of me again if I—well, if I hadn't found things so dreadfully dull at that Birmingham glass gathering."

"'If,'" mora.ized Aimee, significantly. "'If' isn't a wise word, and it often gets you into trouble, Dolly. 'If' you hadn't, I would have been better for Grif, as well—but what cannot be cured must be endured."

Their long talk ended, however, in Dolly's great encouragement. It was agreed that the family oracle was to bring Griffith to his senses by means of some slight asterly reproof, and that she was to take Mollie in hand discreetly at once and persuade her to enter the confessional.

"She has altered a great deal and has grown much older and more self-willed lately," said Aimee, "but if I am very straightforward and take her by surprise, I scarcely think she will be able to conceal much from me, and, at least, I shall be able to show her that her fancies are romantic and unpractical."

She did not waste any time before applying herself to her work, when she went home. Instead of going to Bloomsbury Place at once, she stopped at Griffith's lodgings on her way, and rather scandalized his landlady by requesting to be shown into his parlor. Only the grave simplicity of the small, slight figure in its gray cloak, and the steadfast seriousness of the pretty face reconciled the worthy matron to the idea of admitting her without investigation. But Aimee bore her business in mind calmly. The whole family of them had taken tea in the little sitting-room with Griffith, upon one or two occasions, so she was not at all at a loss, although she did not find herself recognized.

"I am one of Mr. Crewe's sisters," she said; and that, of course, was quite enough. Mrs. Cripps knew Mr. Crewe as well as she knew Grif himself, so she stepped back into the narrow passage at once, and even opened the parlor-door, and announced the visitor in a way that made poor Grif's heart beat.

"One of Mr. Crewe's sisters," she said.

He had been sitting glowering over the fire, with his head on his hands and his elbows on his knees, and when he started up he looked quite haggard and disturbed. Was he could it be Dolly? He knew it could not be, but he turned pale at the thought. It would have been such rapture to his present frame of mind to have poured out his misery and distrust, and then to have clasped her to his heart before she had time to explain. He was just in that wretched, passionate, relenting, remorseful stage.

But it was only Aimee, in her grey cloak, and as the door closed behind her, that small person advanced toward him, crumpling her white forehead and looking quite disturbed at the mere sight of him. She held up a reproachful finger at him warningly.

"I knew it would be just this way," she said. "And you are paler and more miserable than ever. If you and Dolly would just be more practical and reason more for each other, instead of falling headlong into quarrels and making everything up inside fifteen or two minutes, how much better it would be for you! If I was not so fond of you both you would be the greatest trials I have."

He was so glad to see the thoughtful womanly little creature, that he could have caught her up in his arms, gray cloak and all, and have kissed her over and over. He was jealously than he would have kissed Dolly. He was one of the most faithful worshippers at her shrine, and, in truth, he was pretty vain and unselfishness had won her many. He drew the easiest chair up to the fire for her, and made her sit down and warm her feet on the fender, while she talked to him, as he listened to her every word, as he always did.

"I have been to see Dolly," she said, "and I found her sitting—just as I found you—and crying. And she paused to note the effect of her words.

His heart gave a great thump. It always did give a hard thump when he thought of Dolly as she looked when she cried—a soft, limp, little bundle of pathetic prettiness, covering her dear little face in her hands, shedding such piteous, impassioned tears, and refusing to be kissed or comforted. Dolly sobbing on his shoulder was so different from the coquettish, flippant, mischievous Dolly of other times.

Aimee put her hand into her dress pocket under the gray cloak and produced her letter—took it out of its envelope, laid it on her knee, smoothed out its creases again.

"She was crying over this letter," she proceeded. "Your letter, the one you wrote to her when I left you. I wish you had been quite calm enough to write anything. I think you cannot have read it over before sending it away. It is always best to read a letter twice before posting it, so I have brought it to you to read again, and there it is," giving it to him.

He turned forth with the story of his wrongs, of course, then. He could not keep it in any longer. Things had gone wrong with him in every way before this happened, he said, and he had longed so for just one hour in which Dolly could comfort him and try to help him to pluck up spirits again, and she had written to him a tender little letter and promised to give him that hour, and he had been so full of impatience and love, and he had gone to the very gates and waited like a beggar outside, lest he should miss her by any chance, and the end of his waiting had been that he had caught a glimpse of the bright, warm room and the piano and Dolly, with Gowan bending over her as if she had no other lover in the world. He told it all in a burst, clenching his hand and scarcely stopping for breath, but when he ended he dashed the letter down, pushed his chair round and dropped his head on his folded arms on the table, with an actual sob—a wild, tearing sob.

"It is no fault of hers," he cried, "and it was only the first sting that made me reproach her. I shall never do it again. She is only in the right, and that fellow is in the right when he tells himself that he can take better care of her and make her happier than I can. I'll be a coward no longer—not an hour longer. I will give her up to-night. She will learn to love him—he is a gentleman at least—if I were in his place I should never fear that she would not learn in time, and forget—and forget the poor, selfish beggar who would have died for her, and yet was not man enough to control the jealous rage that tortured her. I'll give her up. I'll give it all up—but oh! my God! Dolly, the—the little hope—and—and the dreams I have had about it!"

Aimee was almost in despair. This was not one of his ordinary moods; this was the culminating point—the culmination of all his old sufferings and pangs. He had been working slowly toward this through all his old and fitful pain and self-reproach. The constant dropping of the by-gone years had worn away the stone at last, and he could not bear more. Aimee was frightened now. Her habit of fore-thought showed her all this in a very few seconds. His nervous, highly-strung, impassioned temperament had broken down at last. Another blow would be too much for him. If she could not manage to set him right now and calm him, and if things went wrong again, she was secretly conscious of feeling that the consequences could not be foreseen. There was nothing wild and rash and wretched he might not do.

She got up and went to him, and leaned upon the table, clasping her cool, firm little hand upon his hot, desperate one. A woman's touch could not have had the power over him that this slight, inexperienced little creature had. Her simple, childish face caught her of strength and strength in her determination to do her best for these two whom she loved so well. Her small-boned, fragile figure in contrast with her people into undervaluing her reserve forces; but, in fact, there was mature feeling and purpose enough in her to have put many a woman three times her age to shame. The light, cool touch of her hand soothed and controlled Griffith from the first, and when she put forth all her powers of reasoning, and set his trouble before him in a more practical and less headlong way, not a word was lost upon him. She pictured Dolly to him just as she had found her holding his letter in her hand, and she pictured her too as she had really been the night he watched her through the window—not sitting because she cared for Gowan, but because circumstances had forced her to remain when she was longing in her own impetuous way to go to him and give him the comfort he needed. And she gave Dolly's story in Dolly's own words, with the little sobs between and the usual plentiful sprinkling of sweet, foolish, loving epithets, and—with innocent artfulness—made her seem so charming and affectionate, a little center-figure in the picture she drew, that no man with a heart in his breast could have resisted her, and by the time Aimee had finished Grif was so far moved that it seemed a sheer impossibility to speak again of relinquishing his claims.

But he could not regain his spirits sufficiently to feel able to say very much. He quieted down, but he was still down at heart, and was crushed in feeling, and could do little else but listen in a hopeless sort of way.

"I will tell you what you shall do," Aimee said at last. "You shall see Dolly yourself—not on the street, but just as you used to see her when she was at home. Ask her to come home some afternoon. I know Miss MacDowlas will let her—and you shall sit in the parlor together, Grif, but make everything straight, and begin afresh."

He could not help being roused somewhat by such a prospect. The cloud was lifted for one instant, even if it fell upon him again the next.

"I shall have to wait a week," he said. "Old Flynn has asked me to go to Dartmouth, to attend to some business for him, and I leave the one-horse morning train."

"Very well," she answered. "If we must wait a week, we must; but you can write to Dolly in the interval, and settle upon the day, and then she can speak to Miss MacDowlas."

He agreed to the plan at once, and promised to write to Dolly that very night. So the young peacemaker's mind was set at rest upon this subject, at least, and after giving him a trifle more advice, and favoring him with a few more sage axioms, she prepared to take her departure.

"You may put on your hat and take me to the door; but you had better not come in if you are going to finish your letter before the post closes," she said; "but the short walk will do you good, and the night-air will cool you."

She bade him good-night at the gate when they reached Bloomsbury Place, and she entered the house with her thoughts turning to Mollie. Mollie had been out, too, it seemed. When she went up-stairs to their bed-room she found her there, standing before the dressing-table, still with her hat on, and looking in evident preoccupation at something she held in her hand. Hearing Aimee, she started and turned round, dropping her hand at her side, but not in time to hide a suspicious glitter which caught her sister's eye. There was a worse state of affairs than ever. She had something to hide, and she had made up her mind to hide it. She colored up as Aimee approached, looked excited and guilty, but still half-defiant, her lovely head tossed back a little and an obstinate curve on her red lips. But she could not to be daunted. She confronted her with quite a stern little air.

"Mollie," she began at once, without the least hesitation, "Mollie, you have just this minute hidden something from me, and I shouldn't have thought you could do it."

Mollie put her closed hand behind her.

"If I am hiding something," she answered, "I am not hiding it without reason."

"No," returned Dame Prudence, severely, "you never do. You have a very good reason, I am afraid. You are ashamed of yourself, and you know you are doing wrong. You have got a secret, which you are keeping from me, Mollie," bridling a little in the prettiest way. "I didn't think you would keep a secret from me."

"And," said Aimee, looking at it without offering to touch it, and then looking at her; "and Mr. Gerald Chandos gave it to you!"

"Yes, Mr. Gerald Chandos did," trying to brave it out, but still appearing the reverse of comfortable.

"And you think it proper," proceeded her inquisitor, "to accept such presents from gentlemen who care nothing for you?"

Care nothing for her. Mollie drew herself upright, with the air of a Zenobia. She had had too few real love affairs not to take aroused at such an imputation cast upon her prowess.

"He cares enough for me to want me to marry him," she said, and then stopped and looked as if she could have bitten her tongue off for betraying her.

Aimee sat down in the nearest chair and stared at her, as if she doubted the evidence of her senses.

"To do what?" she demanded.

There was no use in trying to conceal the truth any longer. Mollie saw that much; and besides this, her feelings were becoming too strong for her from various causes. The afternoon had been an exciting one to her, too. So, all at once, so suddenly that Aimee was altogether unprepared for the outbreak, she gave way. The ring fell unheeded on to the carpet—slipped from her hand and rolled away, and the next instant she went down upon her knees, hiding her face on her arms on Aimee's lap, and beginning to cry hysterically.

"It—it is to be quite a secret," she sobbed. "I would not tell anybody but you, and I dare not tell you quite all, but he has asked me to marry him, Aimee, and I have—I have said yes." And then she cried more than ever, and caught Aimee's hand, and clung to it with a desperate, childish grasp, as if she was frightened.

It was very evident that she was frightened, too. All the newly assumed womanliness was gone. It was the same little impulsive, ignorant child Mollie she had known all her life who was clinging to her, Aimee felt—the pretty, simple, thoughtless Mollie they had all admired and laughed at, and teazed and been fond of. She seemed to have become a child again all at once, and she was in trouble and desperate, it was plain.

"But the very idea!" exclaimed Aimee, inwardly; "the bare idea of having the courage to suggest to you to give him such a mad answer! You don't care for him."

"He—he would not take any other answer, and he is as sure as any one can be manefacdly. "He is nicer than Brown and the others, and—I do like him—a little," but a tiny shudder crept over her, and she held her listener's hand more tightly.

"As nice as any one else!" echoed Aimee, indignantly. "Nicer than Brown! You ought to be ashamed of yourself!" with pathetic hopelessness. "That wasn't your only reason, Mollie."

The hat with the short crimson feather had been unceremoniously pushed off, and hung by its elastic upon Mollie's neck; the pretty curly hair was all crushed into a heap, and the flushed, tear-wet face was hidden in the folds of Aimee's dress. There was a charming, foolish, fanciful side to Mollie's desperation, as there was to all her moods.

"That was not your only reason," repeated Aimee.

The forlorn, impetuous, unhappy little sob, and the poor simple child confessed against her will.

"Nobody—nobody else cared for me!" she cried.

"Nobody!" said Aimee; and then, making up her mind to go to the point at once, she said, "Dolly! nobody' mean that Ralph Gowan did not, Mollie?"

The clinging hand was snatched away, and the child quite vehement.

"I hate Ralph Gowan!" she cried. "I detest him! I wish—I wish—I wish I had never seen him! Why couldn't he stay away among the other people? He wasted him. Dolly doesn't care for him, and Grif hates him. Why couldn't he stay where he was?"

There was no need to doubt after this, of course. Her love for Ralph Gowan had rendered her restless and despairing, and so she had worked out the innocent romance, intending to defend herself against him. The heroines of her favorite novels married for money when they could not marry for love, and why should not she? Remember, she was only seventeen, and had been brought up in Vagabondia among people who did not often regard conventionalities. Mr. Gerald Chandos was rich, made violent love to her, and was ready to promise anything. It appeared—not that she demanded such—the Gentleman of Birmingham had generally showered jewels and equipages and fine raiment upon their brides without being asked. She was quite right, of course, it was a bliss to be tied to Ralph Gowan for six or seven years without any earthly prospect of ever being married; to have belonged to him as Dolly belonged to Grif, to sit in the parlor and listen to him while he made love to her as Grif made love to Dolly, would have been quite enough to repay any woman for the rapture for her that was out of the question, Mr. Gerald Chandos and diamonds and a carriage would have to fill up the blank.

But, of course, she did not say this to Aimee. In fact, after her first burst of excitement subsided, Aimee could not gain much from her. She cried a little more, and then seemed vexed with herself and tried to cool down, and at last so far succeeded that she sat up and mopped her tangled hair from her wet, hot face and began to search for the ring.

"It has got a diamond in the center," she said, trying to speak indifferently. "I don't believe you looked at it. The opals are splendid, too."

"Are you going to wear it?" asked Aimee.

She colored up to her forehead.

"No, I am not," she answered. "I should have worn it before if I had intended to let people see it. I have to keep it a secret. I have had this ring three or four days."

"Why is it a secret?" demanded Dame Prudence. "I don't believe in secrets—particularly in secret engagements. "Isn't Phil to know!"

She turned away to put the ring into its case.

"Not yet," she replied, pettishly. "Time enough when it can't be helped. It is a secret, I tell you, and I don't care about everybody's taking it over."

And she would say no more.

(To be Continued.)

How the "Carmagnole" is Danced.

The "Carmagnole," it will be remembered, is the song sung by the old women, the furies, while they danced around the scaffold in 1793. It is a song of fierce and fearful import. To dance the "Carmagnole" effectively it is necessary to have some youth with a loud, sinister contralto voice. The youth takes his stand on the stage or high platform. A woman with regular features, and tall, commanding figure, is then called upon to take the lead in the dance. It is preferable that she should have a tight-fitting, severe, plain dress, devoid of any sort of ornaments. If she have abundant fair tresses these are allowed to fall down the back. The red scarf of the Commune is loosely fastened across the breast, and, in any case, a Phrygian cap, after the model worn in 1793, with its wild tassel dangling from either side, is carefully poised on the head, and this completes a very effective and classical costume. A woman thus dressed forms the nucleus of the dance. She stands absolutely alone and does not deign to take a partner. Her partner is the huge red flag which, with strong arm and determined gesture, she holds aloft. The boy with the sinister voice then commences to sing the first verse of the Carmagnole.

There may be several thousand persons present, and yet the silence is such, the attention so intense, that every breath is drawn with precaution for fear of making a noise. But when the verse has been sung and the chorus is reached it is taken up by the people at first in a low, slow, low murmur. The central figure commence to turn, and as circle of four men and women holding hands go round her in a contrary direction.

Then there is another larger and yet another still larger circle, till the largest of all touches the wall on either side. These circles within circles all go round in reverse direction; the first to the left, the second to the right, the third to the left, the fourth to the right, and so on, while the woman in black with her red flag standing in the center, turns slowly around and forms a living pivot.

As the crowd turns it sings louder and louder, till at last, in frenzied excitement, what with shouting and stamping, they make the walls shake, the windows vibrate and the very stones themselves tremble on their foundations and seem to participate in the revolutionary dance.

It is at once an impressive and a threatening sight. It is at such moments that one may realize the excitability of the French people.

Patience Exhausted.

Collector—This is the last time I shall call for the amount of this bill.

Delinquent—Yes?

Collector—Yes. The next time I shall stand out on the street and yell for it.

A Test of Affection.

Mr. Billington (earnestly)—Ah, Miss Laura, would that there were something I might do, however difficult, to show the ardent affection—

Miss Coolington- There is; but I'm afraid you'll find it too hard.

Mr. Billington.—Oh, name it; I will be only too happy.

Miss Coolington—Well, just stop talking nonsense, please.

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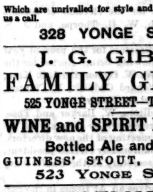

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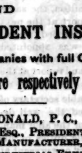

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Remove all Superfluous Hair from the face by a new method without pain. No capillaries used. Satisfaction guaranteed. References from leading physicians. Note the address—
103 Yonge Street, Up Stairs

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AGENTS WANTED IN UNREPRESENTED DISTRICTS.

The Brotherhoods.

Saturday Night, recognizing the work done in past years by the benevolent and other societies of Toronto, will devote one or two newsy columns weekly to the gossip of the lodges. Secretaries of lodges will address, Editor, Saturday Night

ST. GEORGE'S SOCIETY.

The second of the two annual services of this body was held last Sunday afternoon at Bond street church, the Rev. Dr. Wild officiating. The members assembled at the rooms of the Society on Louisa street and marched in a body to the church of the prophet. The building was filled with the men of St. George and their friends, the ladies turning out in great numbers. The reverend gentleman preached a patriotic sermon in his characteristic style. The collection amounted to over seventy dollars. There is a strong and growing desire amongst the members of this society to have a house of their own where the members can meet for social intercourse, and where the unfortunate people who receive aid from the society may have a warm place in winter time to sit whilst waiting turn to appear before the board. A site has been located, and an influential committee struck off to prepare a scheme which is to be submitted at the next monthly meeting.

MASONIC ITEMS.

The officers of St. John's lodge, 209 A. London, intend paying a visit to Zetland lodge, Toronto, on the 28th day of May, to take part in the work. A large attendance of the members of the craft is expected.

The Grand Master, M. W. Bro. Henry Robertson of Collingwood, it is expected, will visit Orient lodge on the 5th of June.

The D. D. G. M. and Masters of city lodges are already making preparations for the reception of the Grand Lodge in Toronto, next July.

SONS OF ENGLAND.

Bro. Wm. Barker, Past President of St. George's lodge, has been appointed correspondent of the *Anglo-Saxon*, the official organ of the society. The *Anglo-Saxon* is in good hands.

The annual church parade of the S. O. E. will take place on Sunday, May 27. The brethren will assemble at Shaftesbury Hall and march from there in procession. There is a probability that the Bishop of the Diocese will preach, and that the service will be held in St. James' Cathedral. As there are now eighteen lodges in Toronto, it is reasonable to expect that this will be the largest gathering of Englishmen ever seen in procession in this city. The members of St. George's society will take a part in the procession.

At the annual meeting of the shareholders of the Hall Company (Limited), the report of the directors for 1887 and 1888 was read by J. W. Carter, the secretary, showing a marked increase in the income of the company *in every department*. The chairman, Dr. W. W. Ogden, in his report congratulated the members on the satisfactory state of the company's standing. The auditors in presenting their report recommended a dividend of 6 per cent. per annum, which was unanimously adopted by the shareholders present.

The scrutineers for the election of officers were C. N. Smith, W. H. Thorpe, and J. S. Williams.

The election of directors for the present year resulted in the following being elected for the directorate: Dr. W. W. Ogden, Dr. J. S. King, Harry Symons, Richard Caddick, T. Claxton, Ald. J. C. Swait and Dr. Pollard.

The retiring auditors, W. Barker and Thos. R. Skippon, were re-elected by acclamation.

At a subsequent meeting of the new directors, Dr. Ogden was unanimously elected president, and J. W. Carter secretary of the Shaftesbury Hall company.

Windsor lodge gives an At Home in the parlor of Shaftesbury hall on Monday the 7th inst. A choice programme has been arranged, and with the Grand Lodge president, Dr. Pollard, in the chair there is reason to expect a pleasant and successful gathering.

The St. George's society procession was swelled by the Sons of England to the extent of a thousand men.

The Rev. H. P. Hobson, D. G. C., represented the Grand Lodge at the first annual dinner of Salisbury Lodge, at Brantford, on St. George's day.

IRISH PROTESTANT BENEVOLENT SOCIETY.

The usual monthly meeting of this society was held on Tuesday evening in the society's rooms in the Yonge street Arcade. A letter was read from the Rev. W. C. Bradshaw, rector of St. Luke's, Peterboro', expressing a desire to have a branch of the society established there. Ald. McMillan, Captain McMaster, Dr. Carson, and the Secretary, Mr. John Baillie, took part in a discussion favorable to the extension of the society's work in Peterboro'. Captain McMaster moved, seconded by Ald. McMillan, That a committee on Provincial affiliation be appointed, consisting of the President, Mr. O'Hara, Dr. Carson, Mr. Cook and Mr. Hamilton, the same to consider the question and report at the next meeting. The motion was carried unanimously. Another committee was appointed for the purpose of securing better accommodation for the society's meetings, and report at the next monthly gathering.

Mr. Patterson, the indefatigable secretary of the dinner committee, received the well deserved thanks of the society for the able manner in which he carried out the duties of his office in that connection. Every one present at the dinner will appreciate the action of the committee.

The meeting favorably discussed the idea of presenting an address to the Governor-General on the occasion of his visit next week, and should it be deemed expedient an address will be presented.

The president in fitting terms presented a medal, on behalf of Mr. John Baillie, to Mr. W. A. Hamilton, as a tangible evidence of the good work the latter has done for the Irish Protestant Benevolent Society. Mr. Hamilton returned his best thanks and the meeting adjourned.

ORDER OF CANADIAN HOME CIRCLES.

The supreme secretary's office has been removed to 34 Church street, just below King street on the west side. The new office is light, airy and well provided with vault accommodation. The committee room adjoining the office will no doubt be very useful to members of the order.

Rev. John Kay of Hamilton, Mr. Cyrus K. Porter of Buffalo, Mr. Wm. Wilkinson, M. A., of Brantford, Dr. W. J. Greig, M.B., of Toronto, the supreme committee on revision of the constitution and laws of the order met at the new office on Thursday, May 4th, at eleven a.m.

Toronto Home Circle No. 55 held a concert in the Broadview avenue Zion's church on Tuesday evening, May 1st. A very enjoyable entertainment was provided.

The supreme organizer is about to institute a large circle in Kingston.

The net growth of the order during April was 153 members.

Turkish Invitations.

The Oriental imagery, so plentiful in all the written communications of the Eastern people, has been carried by the Turks to the point where its literary paroxysms become very absurd. One Effendi, or dignitary, writing to another, speaks of himself as "thy servant," "thy miserable valet," "thy slave," and so on, while all his references to the persons addressed are to "thy highness," "thy gracious lordship," "thy most exacted personality," and the like.

The Turk, in addressing his equals or superiors, never uses the plain words "you" or "me." Instead of "I saw you the other day at the mosque," he says, "I observed at the mosque the dust of your excellency's feet." There is a Turkish proverb which declares the word "me" to be always and everywhere hateful.

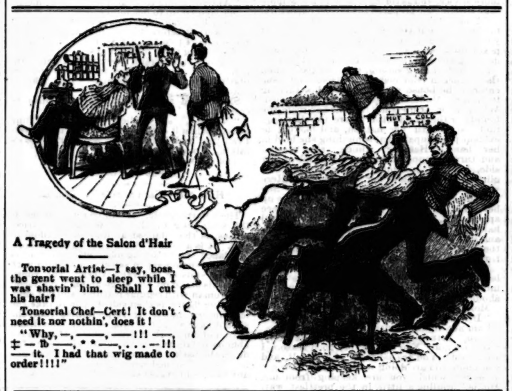
Here are two genuine Turkish invitations to festivals:

"Noble and venerated friend: To-night, when the silver barque of the moon, now fourteen days old, floats out upon the sky's azure expanse, bestowing upon all the world romance and tenderness, we shall be assembled at the village of Rumili Hissar, in the place called Honreti-Mollah, a spot full of delights; and all the night, even to the rising of the sun, we shall taste the pleasures of the feast. We shall not admit a delay so great as the thickness of a hair. May the fleeting of sails and the strength of rowers bring thee, thou sourse of joy, to all thy friends!"

"Most gracious master and most venerated lord: This evening, if it please, Allah, when the great king of the army of stars, the sun of all the worlds, shall setting forth toward the realm of the shadows, thrust his foot into the stirrup of velocity, thou art besought to illuminate us with the bright rays of thy countenance, which, indeed, rivals the sun's. Thy arrival, like that of the zephyr of the spring-time, will, for us, dissipate the sombre night of solitude and isolation."

And this ponderous composition is only an invitation to "come and dine at six!"

The Political Cuckoo.



A Tragedy of the Salon d'Hair

Tonsorial Artist—I say, boss, the gent went to sleep while I was shavin' him. Shall I cut his hair?

Tonsorial Chef—Cert! It don't need it nor nothin', does it!

"Why, —. . . . . —!!!
‡ — D — . . . . . —!!!
— it. I had that wig made to order!!!!"

The Latest Fad.

Mrs. Lenox Hill (showing her establishment)—This is our last addition to the *bric-a-brac*. That is all, Alphonse. You may get down now, and go to the kitchen salon.

The Red Dog Did It.

There were seven or eight boys and a dog fight in an alley off Second street yesterday as a policeman happened along, and after clubbing the dogs apart he said to the largest boy:

"Now, then, I want to know all about this."

"Well, you know," replied the boy, "I was coming up the alley with my spotted dog. That boy there was coming down the alley with his black dog."

"And you knew the dogs would fight, of course."

"Oh, no, sir. When we came up to each other the dogs began to play. We were talking about going a-fishing when that boy over there came along with a little red dog."

"Where is it?"

"Run away, sir. His red dog began to pick a fight with my dog, and then the black pitched in. This let the red dog out, and away he went."

"But why didn't you separate them?"

"Then who'd get the money?"

"Money! So you had money up?"

"Why, after they got to fighting each of us bet on our own dog, of course."

"Then I want—!"

But he didn't get one of them, and while he halted at one end of the alley to breathe after his run the mob appeared at the other and the referee announced:

"Being as this mill was interfered with by the police I shall decide it a draw, and the stakes will go to buy oranges for the crowd."

How the Greeks might have done it had they only known.

Uncle Tobe's "Parable."

"Mandy, chile, yo' miss er heap not ter heah dem pah'bles dat de ministah read dis mawnin'."

"W'at's dem?"

"W'y chile! Yo doan know w'at pah'bles is? W'en I wanter say, pah'ble style, dat Jim's wicked ez de debbul, an' gwine ter de fish an' b'imstun p ace, I jis' puts on de eloquince dusly: An' now, my breddern, I'se done gwine tole yer a pah'ble. Dar wuz once a li'le babby, an' w'en he's li'le he's good ez gole. But ez he git oldah, de gole lose hits lustah, an' gits blackah 'n blackah, and bimeby all de gole done tuhn inter de blackest black coal; an' at las' dar wan't nuffin le!' ob dat gole babby on'y jis' a big black lump ob coal; an' den dey crack 'im up in li'le bits, an' chuck 'im in de stobe, an' w'at wuz once de li'le gole babby wuz a buhnin' jis dat away—whisz fizz-boom!"

Only Waiting.

The bull dog sits at the garden gate;
His tail is short, but his teeth are long,
And soon those molars will grind and grate
When the limbs of the pedlar come along.

Not According to Hoyle.

Friend of the Bridegroom (in bark seat at church wedding)—Lucky man, Jack Trevnor! She's been a society queen for four seasons.

Major Kilters—Kind of unusual, too, isn't it?

Friend of Bridegroom—What do you mean, sir!

Major Kilters—Why, for a Jack to take a queen.

MISS HARRITA L. CHENEY

(Finished under Mrs. Long of Boston, and Soloist in Henry Ward Beecher's church, and late of New York.)

Teacher of Voice Culture

has organized a class and will take private pupils, apply at R. S. Williams & Co.'s piano rooms, Yonge Street.

MISS CHENEY will accept concert engagements, or as soprano soloist in a choir.

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With all our chat about Men's Silk and Felt Hats, we must not forget to tell our friends that we always keep in stock A COMPLETE STOCK OF BOYS' AND CHILDREN'S HATS AND CAPS. Boys' Knockabouts, 50c. and 75c. Soft Felt Hats at 75c. Derbys at $1.25 and upwards.

Children's Jockey Caps, Tam O'Shanters, Polos, Fez, and Navy Peak Caps with badges. First-class goods and very low prices.

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Full assortment in stock of White Dress Shirts, court front, one stud hole in front.

Dents' White and Lavender Gloves, one and two buttons, plain or white or black stitched backs, all prices.

Evening Ties all kinds.

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AN APPEAL TO THE LADIES

When the Philanthropist starts to accomplish some good
If he's earnest, energetic and straight
You can make up your mind he will surely succeed
In spite of that which we call fate
He works early and late, with never a thought
Of troubles he is certain to meet,
He maps out his course and goes straight ahead
Nor pauses to dream of defeat.

I appeal to the ladies to lend their support
To the movement which all must endorse,
Viz: Close the stores early; give the clerks a fair chance.
You approve? Well, I thought so of course.
Now come early to Dorenwend's, select what you wish
In lamps, waves, or in fancy goods rare
Or in switches and pins, magnificent fans,
Wonderous "Magic" if for that you should care.

Don't postpone till six what you might do at four
Nor till twelve the shopping for ten.
The clerks will all bless you and serve with delight
When Dorenwend's you visit again.
So let me repeat if you wish to assist
The patient, industrious clerk,
Pray think of the wearisome hours they pass
And your duty I'm sure you'll not shirk

The proprietor of the Paris Hair Works is strongly in favor of the measure for Early Closing, and it depends almost entirely upon the general public whether this custom should be observed. Let the ladies lend their aid and the gentlemen will be sure to follow in the effort to secure reasonable hours for the clerks. Remember that Dorenwend's latest spring styles are just at hand and should be examined.

A. DORENWEND

(PARIS HAIR WORKS,

103 and 105 YONGE ST., TORONTO

S. J. DIXON,

PHOTOGRAPHER,

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218 Yonge Street, cor. Albert

JUST RECEIVED:

A full line of those celebrated SILK FINISHED HENRIETTA CLOTHS in Crushed Strawberry, Goblin Green, Mahogany, Terra Cotta, Fawn, &c., &c. As this is a choice selection of very rare goods, ladies should lose no time in seeing them. Our

Special Silk Sale

will continue next week. GROS GRAINS, MERVS and MOIRES in Black and Colors at unprecedented values. Another shipment of forty pieces, marked into stock yesterday, at prices ridiculously low.

Dress Goods

in Black and Colors. A large assortment of choice goods. See our All-wool Black Cashmeres at 40c. per yard.

Spring & Summer Wraps

The success of the season is our JET VISITES. A nice variety in stock ranging from $7.50 to $25. We still have a few choice PATTERN MANTLES imported this season at from $25 to $75, BLACK JERSEY WAISTS at from $1 to $10.

DRESS AND MANTLEMAKING AN ART WITH US

H. S. MORISON & CO.

The Ladies' Tailors, successors to J. Pittman & Co

Society.

(Continued from Page Two.).

they have become matters of history. Such inconsideracy must be laid to the charge of the bachelors living at Tintagel, McCaul street, for they have chosen Friday night for a small dance, for which verbal invitations only have been given to their friends. Although for their choice of day I blame them, I have nothing but praise for the spirit which has caused them to throw themselves into the breach, and by their action to protest against a premature closing of the dancing season. But —*place aux dames*, surely some ladies will yet be found to follow their example.

On Saturday Miss Robinson opens the season of riding parties by a luncheon at Sleepy Hollow and a ride afterwards through the High park and Humber district, a cup of tea at the Humber and then a gallop back to town to be in time for another at the Misses McCutcheon's. A very pleasant programme in truth; a fox and a pack of hounds would make it perfect.

The Hon. Alexander and Mrs. Cockburn are in town. In their honor Miss Jones gives a large At Home on Thursday, thus sustaining the reputation which her many hospitalities in Lent and before Lent gained for her.

Very constant and somewhat severe has been the toil of performers in the May masque and the minuet this week. On Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evenings have the former met at Mr. Martin's studio on King street, and on at least four evenings have the steppers in the latter measure stepped and bowed under the direction of Mr. Thomas at 77 Peter street. *Avis aux lecteurs*, Mr. Thomas is said to be a rare proficient in his profession, and this free advertisement he well deserves.

At the Vocal society's concert on Tuesday the gallery especially sparkled with wit and beauty, as did the stage with music. In this part of the house facing the stage, always a favorite place at the Pavilion, sat the president of the society, Mr. J. K. Kerr, together with Mrs. Kerr and a large party. I noticed Miss Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. Vernon, Miss Marjorie Campbell, Mr. Cronyn, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Nordheimer, Miss Maud Vanboughnet, Miss Boulton, Mr. Shanly, Mr. Fox, Mrs. Heineman, Mr. Harry Gamble, Mr. Small, Mr. Blake and Miss Blake.

Music.

One of the largest audiences of the season was assembled in the Pavilion music hall on Thursday evening, 26th ult., when the Oddfellows gave their annual concert. A very effective programme had been prepared by Mr. Harry M. Blight, assisted by Mrs. Humphrey-Allen of Boston, Miss Clara E. Barnes of Buffalo, Mrs. Going, Miss Agnes Knox, Mr. Chas. B. Stevens of Detroit, and Mr. W. E. Ramsay. Mrs. Humphrey-Allen will be remembered as pretty Miss Eunice Humphrey, who made her *debut* with the Mendelssohn quintette club in 1875, and afterwards married Mr. C. N. Allen, who was then the first violin of the club. She is to-day, in her maturity, one of the most artistic singers on the continent, and gave a most delightful rendering of her songs on Thursday night.

She has a beautifully clear, high soprano voice, of extraordinary flexibility, and with great richness and volume, and has the great desideratum of perfect intonation in conjunction with a crystalline clearness of vocalization. She sang the Regnava nel Silenzio from Lucia, and an exquisite little song by Cowen, The Night has a Thousand Eyes, and That Bright Springtide by Becker. All her efforts were received with well deserved applause and a recall was rewarded by a characteristic Spanish song, Sevilla, in which she really appeared at her best. Miss Barnes has frequently sung in Toronto and has made herself a welcome visitor. She sings with spirit and feeling, and the extensive compass of her voice enables her to perform songs of an exacting nature. On Thursday she sang Tours' Because of Thee, and Osgood's shadow, both of which received a worthy interpretation. Not the least charm of her performance is in her winning manner.

Miss Agnes Knox I heard on this occasion for the first time, and was much impressed with the ease and fluency with which her recitations, The Knight and the Lady, and The Jiners, were delivered. She is a tall, graceful girl with a fine, expressive face, and uses a coiffure which, with her well-shaped head and neck, gives her quite a classic appearance. Her reading was almost invariably good, only an occasional misplaced emphasis occurring. Those who have heard Adelaide Neilson in the balcony scene in Romeo and Juliet will feel that if so great an actress may give a false emphasis, Miss Knox may be pardoned an occasional fault of that kind. Her evident earnest desire to do well, and her really clever interpretation deserve great praise. As faults requiring mention, I must notice a lack of repose on the platform, a walk not sufficiently dignified, and a too rounded enunciation of the letter r.

Mr. Chas. B. Stevens, the first tenor of the Mehan quartette of Detroit, sang the Salve Dimora from Faust with great taste and expression, but his voice, sweet and well-trained as it is, has too much breadth of tone, not enough of concentration in it, and in this respect he disappointed me. His other effort, Meyer-Helmund's Magic Song was performed with equal excellence. Mr. Blight, in addition to assisting Miss Barnes in a duet, sang the Yeoman's Wedding Song with the dash and spirit which he usually infuses into this song. Mr. Ramsay's comicalities were delivered with the refined humor which is his characteristic, and received the hearty and prolonged plaudits of the large audience. Mrs. Going played Liszt's Grand March very effectively and carefully. This lady had been announced to play the accompaniments, but for some reason which did not appear on the surface she was not called upon, and this difficult and exacting department was well attended to by Mrs. H. M. Blight. Altogether this was the best concert given this season by our local bodies.

On the following evening the fair pupils of the Whitby ladies' college gave a performance in aid of the Newsboys' Home which was well attended. A miscellaneous programme of nine vocal and instrumental pieces preceded the rendition of Abt's cantata, Cinderella. Of course young ladies at school who kindly give a concert for a deserving charity do not come in for the exhaustive criticism which we sometimes love to deal out to their more pretentious elders, and while some of the efforts were good and some—not so good, I must give credit to Misses Gregory, Thom, Ketchum and Gross, who gave a fine rendering of the Oberon overture on two pianos, to Miss McHardy's playing of Liszt's Eighth Rhapsody, and especially to Miss Hatch who sang the Freischuetz aria exceedingly well. In the cantatas the young soloists sang fairly well, and the choruses were sung excellently. Altogether Mr. J. W. F. Harrison may congratulate himself on the excellences shown by the young ladies under his care, a pleasure in which Mrs. Bradley, the vocal preceptress of the college, may claim a share.

On Monday evening at Elm street Methodist church an audience of seven hundred people gathered in spite of the rain to attend a sacred concert given by the choir, assisted by the Schubert quartette and Miss Hallie M. Fast of Chicago. The choir mustered some fifty strong, and under Mr. Blight's direction sang the Gloria in Excelsis from Hayden's First Mass, The Heavens are Telling from the Creation, and the Unfold chorus from the Redemption. These choruses were sung with spirit and fulness of tone, and with much precision and crispness. But why will people perform with a chorus of fifty what should be sung by two or three hundred voices to convey the slightest idea of the majesty of these numbers? It is not as if we were so beggarly poor as to music in the scope of a good choir like that of Elm street church. There are hundreds of anthems and motetts which could be sung there, and please everybody and not offend one's sense of the requirements of the music performed. There is, unfortunately, a great straining of Toronto choirs to sing oratorio choruses, not because they are suitable, but rather because it looks big.

Mrs. Blight played Bach's Fugue in D major and the overture to Semiramide. She has evidently been studying and working, and gave a most acceptable rendering of the fugue, though at its close she commenced her rallentando too soon and, instead of ending with dignity, rather gave the impression that she had become tired, which, I am sure, was not the case. Her playing of the overture was delightful in its technical excellence and in its clever registration, which gave a faithful reproduction of the orchestral effects. Miss Fast is not a great singer, but has a pretty middle voice with a decidedly strained upper register. In the Schubert quartette I was disappointed. While they sing excellently together as to time and intonation, they do not balance in weight, the second tenor being consistently obtrusive throughout, and an unpleasantly veiled tone, lacking in clearness even in forte passages being the constant characteristic of all. That it is possible to sing softly yet clearly does not seem to have struck the Schuberts or their instructor, and until they realize that fact their performances can never be wholly satisfactory. Every word that they sang was distinctly audible, for which I present my compliments. Their best efforts were the Grave of a Singer by Abt, and Remember now thy Creator, the latter of which was beautifully sung. Their other songs were poor, musically speaking. Their solos were fairly sung, the only one of prominence being that of Mr. Iott, the basso, who sang several low C's.

On the following evening the quartette gave a secular concert in Association hall, which was well attended in spite of powerful counter attractions. On this occasion the quartette appeared to much better advantage, displaying brighter songs and brighter singing. Their efforts were rewarded by liberal and discriminating applause.

Mr. H. M. Field's piano recital has been postponed until May 30th, on account of Miss Huntingdon's operatic engagements preventing her appearance until that date.

Miss Maude Harris gives a concert at the Pavilion on Saturday the 12th inst. As the programme includes the names of Dr. Louis Maas, the eminent pianist of Boston, and Mr. Caldwell it is unnecessary to say that a musical treat is in store for those who attend the concert.

The event of the week was, undoubtedly, the concert of the Vocal society, which took place at the Gardens on Tuesday evening, before a large and fashionable audience. The V. S. has on former occasions treated us to such exquisitely finished work that it has created a standard by which to measure itself, which is sometimes a little too exacting for its present efficiency. The almost absolute precision, equality of tone, and rythmical unity which Mr. Haslam treated us to last year, were not reached at this concert, but in the matter of intonation it excelled all previous efforts, the only case in which there was a drop from the key being in the much-disputed chorus from the Golden Legend, in which the variation was a full tone. These faults, be it remembered, are those which will be watched for by the captious critic only, and I believe that the general audience experienced only pleasure at the work of the choir. There is, however, a danger to the effectiveness of the society in the repression of tone, which is a very marked characteristic, and which shows a tendency to knock the brightness and virility out of the men's voices. Even in the Judge Me O God, and the Cruisseen Lawn, which were brilliantly sung, I noticed this, and throughout the evening I could not help longing to hear one good Philistine yell!

Leaving out of account the lack of forte effect, there can be no doubt as to the extent to which the artistic production of the softest pianissimos, the swelling and lessening of tone has been brought, and the Vocal society must take rank as an organization that musical Toronto must be proud of. The soloists were of fair excellence. Mrs. Gertrude Luther sang with great artistic taste, and was a model in that respect, but her voice showed symptoms of weariness, and she was not always happy in her accompaniment. To such an extent was this the case, that her face occasionally showed a decided expression of displeasure. Mrs. J. C. Smith was well received, and while her songs were not sung brilliantly, was successful in giving an excellent and faithful rendering of two favorite songs. She has a voice of very fine quality and richness of tone. Mr. Clarence E. Hay rendered three numbers in a somewhat conventional style. His voice is not strong but he has a good mezza voice, handicapped by a bad tremulando. In shorter training, but is that training much affected by our brethren south of the line which is the opposite of the art that conceals all art.

Among events of minor note, I find that there was some very fine music at St. Patrick's church on Monday evening, when the May devotions were inaugurated. Next week is a strong one. Tuesday night the Philharmonic society produce the Golden Legend, Wednesday brings the Mendelssohn quintette club before us again, Thursday ushers in the Agnes Thomson testimonial concert, and Saturday introduces Dr. Louis Maas' piano recital.

I am pleased to see that another church has fallen into line in regard to the monthly service of praise. On Wednesday evening the choir of St. Philip's church, under the direction of its young and efficient organist, Mr. R. J. Hall, gave the first of a series of special musical services. The anthems The Radiant Morn, Calvary, and Remember Now thy Creator were exceedingly well rendered, and the solo during the collection, The King of Love my Shepherd is, was sung with much taste and feeling by Mr. Mills. Although the choir is small, its members seem determined to make the most of their resources.

METRONOME.

Our Sporting Column.

I took a stroll down to the Argonaut club on Tuesday and collided with Hon. Secretary Alan Campbell as I was going up a flight of stairs. He told me that the Argonauts are going to give an At Home in their new club house immediately after the opening of the art gallery by their Excellencies on May 7. Those who have attended At Homes down by the water in years gone by will know what to expect. Mr. Campbell also said that the committee had decided to encourage the skiff sailing branch as much as possible, and with that object in view had made arrangements for putting up a handsome cup. Talking of skiff sailing, many of my readers will look back with pleasure to jolly days spent in the old Skiff Sailing club. I remember meeting jolly old Ham Hall the winter morning that the Skiff club's boat house was burned. He was going along King street with his hands shoved down into his pea-jacket pockets, the picture of misery. I asked him what was the matter, and he gave me one look and groaned, "The club house is burned." The club lost almost its whole fleet, and Ham in particular came out badly. Last season the remnants of the T. S. S. C. went into the Argonauts.

On the sward the prospects are exceptionally bright. All of the city athletic clubs seem to have reorganized, and to be eager for the fray. The lacrosse men are, as they say at Ottawa, "viewing with delight" the triumphal progress being made by the champions of the Canadian Lacrosse Association. I had a letter from Jack Garvin the other day. He is highly delighted with the way the boys are being *feted* in the Old Country. Jack says some of the Englishmen play a very fair game, but they lack judgment in passing and in general team work. Their checking is also very loose. Garvin tells me that it is funny to see the togs which some of the Englishmen wear. Heavy shin guards, leathern protectors for the arms, great woolen jerseys and stockings, and heavy knickers. They were rather surprised at seeing the Toronto men come out with nothing but a jersey, knickers and shoes. In Garvin's opinion, Canadians have formed too low an estimate of the speed of Englishmen. Jack has played lacrosse against them and has seen them play football, and he says he thinks they are nearly as fast as Canadians. As for myself, I do not think—of course it is only an opinion formed by reading—that Englishmen are, on the average, as fast runners as we are. Mr. K. J. Key, the great Rugby half-back—or three-quarter back as they call it—of Cambridge University, was out here with Parson Thornton's cricket team two years ago. He told me that he thought, after seeing the Torontos play the Shamrocks here, that we were slightly the faster men. Mr. Key himself was a big, rather fat man, not at all the style of fellow we have at half.

Up at the cricket ground last Saturday I saw a great many of the club out for a limbering up practice. The ground was in fairly good condition, but the wicket kicked a good deal. Amongst others I saw Bob Shanly, resplendent in his maroon colored "Canadian Gentleman" coat, Walter Ross-Wilson, bowling slow, because as he said, he didn't want to kill anyone, Henry Bethune and Harry Broughall playing knock up, H. R. H. the Duke of York going through a preliminary canter, the famous Dark Horse, Godwin of the colts, F. S. Dickey, Sherriff Reynolds, George Saunders, Roden Kingsmill, Kenneth Cameron, and as the society man says, "many others."

The Toronto ground is looking awfully well. Leigh, the new professional, has top-dressed it and given it a thorough rolling. It seems a pretty hard thing that the club will have to leave after this year, but I am told that a scheme is in preparation for the acquirement of new grounds. I am not at liberty to divulge where the new grounds are to be, but I may say that they will be within the city limits, and not at West Toronto Junction. Go where they will, the club will never have a prettier ground than that on Bloor street. Those old bass-wood and elm trees at the head of the ground, from the shade of which so many fair dames and maidens have looked upon the flannel-clothed warriors, give the field an appearance which no art could produce. But the potent, grave and reverend seignions of Toronto University senate have, I understand, decided to ask the cricket club to move and the hegira must perforce be made.

Talking to Mr. Harry Hayes, the secretary of the Toronto lawn tennis club, the other day, I was pleased to hear that the Front street grounds are to be put in a thorough state of repair. Additional seating accommodation is to be provided, and the courts are to be placed in the best order. The prospects for tennis this season are unusually good. The Park, Grenadier, Osslington and other clubs have reorganized. Those who say tennis is dying out will probably be shown that they are wrong before the season is over.

Interior Decorations---Stained Glass

Among the establishments for the production of decorative glass work few are more prosperous than that of the Dominion Stained Glass Co., 77 Richmond street west. The large business done by this firm seems to point to an awakening on the part of the public to the rich and beautiful effects of stained glass windows, and a desire to beautify with the same the homes and churches of our land. It is certainly a step in the right direction and will undoubtedly have a strong effect in impressing the young with a deep sense of the beautiful and of instilling in their minds a taste for higher art. The Dominion Stained Glass Co. is now in the seventh year of its existence, during which time it has executed orders for church and domestic art glass all over the Dominion from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The firm has recently supplied large orders in Kingston. Notable among these were the houses of Mr. Hendry and Mr. Upper in that city. The memorial window placed by them in the church of St. Barnabas in this city is a beautiful specimen of decorative art. The central portion of the window is filled with a figure of St. Barnabas, and the side openings with designs of lilies and roses in rich opalescent and antique glasses. The design is well drawn and the coloring rich, effective and harmonious. The window as a whole has an exceedingly beautiful appearance and reflects credit on both the manufacturers and on the church in which it is placed. In my survey of the many ingenious designs and beautiful conceptions for figured glass in the stock of this company I saw some fine specimens of work in the form of memorial windows, plain and ornamental church and domestic glass in all branches, including sand-cut, wheel-cut, and embossed, also bent and bevelled glass. Some chaste and elegant designs were shown me in engraved, silvered and bevelled plate for mantel work. This is a new feature which the firm is introducing, and it certainly is one which favorably impresses all lovers of the beautiful. Nothing could be more beautiful in the form of home decoration, than which there are few things more important, for reasons which are patent to all. After viewing the completed work, I was invited by the proprietors, Messrs. Wakefield & Harrison, to inspect the means by which this fine work is produced. They have recently extended their premises greatly, and in the workshop I found the latest improved machinery for bevelling plate glass and producing the finest quality of work. Everything seemed to be arranged for good work, prompt execution, and, by these means, increasing the prosperity of the firm.

VAN.

Bound for Europe.

Mr. A. F. Webster, passenger agent Cunard line, reports the following Torontonians booked to sail to-day (Saturday) from New York by the steamship Aurania: Mr. E. E. Sheppard, Mr. R. L. Patterson, Mr. H. C. Dixon, Miss Dixon, Miss Mary Joseph, Miss Maggie Joseph, Mr. Neil Currie, Mrs. Currie and Mr. A. Burns.

Among the passengers booked by the North German Lloyds line are: Mr. and Mrs. Hector Cameron on steamship Werra; Mr. J. Herbert Mason on steamship Eider; Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Warren, Mr. J. Baillie Hamilton, Lady Evelyn Hamilton, Miss Vogelnaum (ladies' maid), on steamship Eider, May 5th, to London. To sail: Sir David and Lady Macpherson, and maid and valet, on steamship Aller, May 16th, to Bremen; Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Boulton on Werra and Mr. G. B. Smith on Fulda.

Mr. G. A. Bingham has fitted up his drug store at 100 Yonge street in the latest and most approved style.

Out of Town.

OTTAWA.

Speaker and Madame Ouimet held a dinner party on Wednesday night, at which the guests were the Minister of Justice and Mrs. Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. Laurier, Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Weldon of St. John, Mr. Guilbault, Mr. and Mrs. McDowall, Mr. and Mrs. O'Connor, Mr. Fabre, Mr. and Mrs. Skead, Mr. and Mrs. De Celles, Judge and Mrs. Olivier, Mr. and Miss Royal, Mr. and Mrs. Casey, Mr. and Mrs. McKinnon.

The engagement is announced of Miss Edith Backe, eldest daughter of Mr. P. E. Backe of the Postoffice department, to Capt. Somerset Paul Graves of the Bengal Staff Corps, second in command of military affairs at Mandalay. Miss Backe was in India on a visit to her aunt, wife of J. Diggon in Touche, commissioner at Minbor, Upper Burmah. Miss Backe is a charming young lady and has been in India for the past eighteen months.

The Minister of Justice and Mrs. Thompson have resumed the delightful semi-weekly dinner parties which were interrupted by the death of Hon Thos. White. At that held on Tuesday evening the following ladies and gentlemen were present: Mrs. Mackenzie, wife of the ex-Premier; Senator Sullivan, Dr. and Miss Selwyn, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Smithson, Mr. and Mrs. George Thompson, Mr. G. H. Perley, the Misses Montgenzis, Mrs. Hillyard, Miss Temple, Miss Burns and Miss Cargill and a quota of M.P.'s.

The Governor-General's ball on Wednesday night was, as is usual with the social events at Rideau Hall, an unqualified success. Fully one thousand persons were present, and the ball-room was one of the most brilliant that Government House has known. His Excellency had returned from his visit to Montreal on purpose to be in his place as host. When the festivities came to a close, there was generally expressed regret that Lord Lansdowne's term as Governor-General was coming so near its close.

The prospect of a visit from the famed Queen's Own regiment of Toronto has set all Ottawa agog. The boys in bottle-green will get a glorious welcome from Ottawa's sons and daughters, especially the latter, and we have many who will cause the gallant Rifles to remember Ottawa with pleasure for many a day.

WATCHMAN.

HAMILTON.

Our esteemed Hamilton correspondent's letter arrived too late for insertion last week. We ask our correspondent's acceptance of our regrets that this unfortunate fact has prevented the readers of SATURDAY NIGHT from enjoying the contents of the loitering budget. We have not even the consolation of laying the blame on the post office, since everyone knows that this department of the public service is beyond reproach, at least as far as Toronto is concerned.

CHATHAM.

The Chatham correspondent of SATURDAY NIGHT is asked to accept the sincere apologies of the editor for the non-appearance of his last communication in these columns, and is requested to write again in his old time sprightly fashion, which latter will be presented at an early date to an appreciative public.

WHITBY.

Mrs. Judge Dartnell gave a large dancing party on Wednesday evening of last week. Quite a contingent of Toronto men went down for this occasion.

Equestrian exercise is the fashionable amusement just now with the giddy youths of Whitby and Oshawa.

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

Clarke, on the 29th ult., Mrs. W. R. Clarke—a daughter.
Mackieu, at Thornbury Lodge, Oxford, England, on the 28th ult., Mrs. Sutherland Mackieu—a son.
Van Straubenzie, at Kingston, on the 27th ult., Mrs. Van Straubenzie—a daughter.

Marriages.

On the 7th ult., by the Rev. Joseph Wild, D.D., George Rae Patterson, late of Liverpool, England, to Zoe Henrietta Roberts, late of Leeds, Yorkshire, England.

On Monday, 30th ult., at St. Peter's church, by the Ven. Archdeacon Boddy, J. Ross Robertson, to Jessie Elizabeth, daughter of Geo. R. Holland.

Deaths.

Hunter, Rev. S. J., D.D., at the Centenary parsonage, Hamilton, on the 30th ult.

MISS MAUD HARRIS

has the honor to announce that she will give a

GRAND CONCERT

AT THE

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8 P. M., AT WHICH

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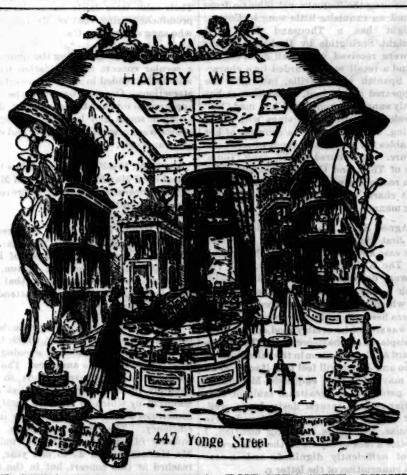

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